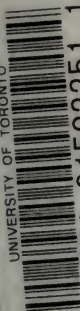


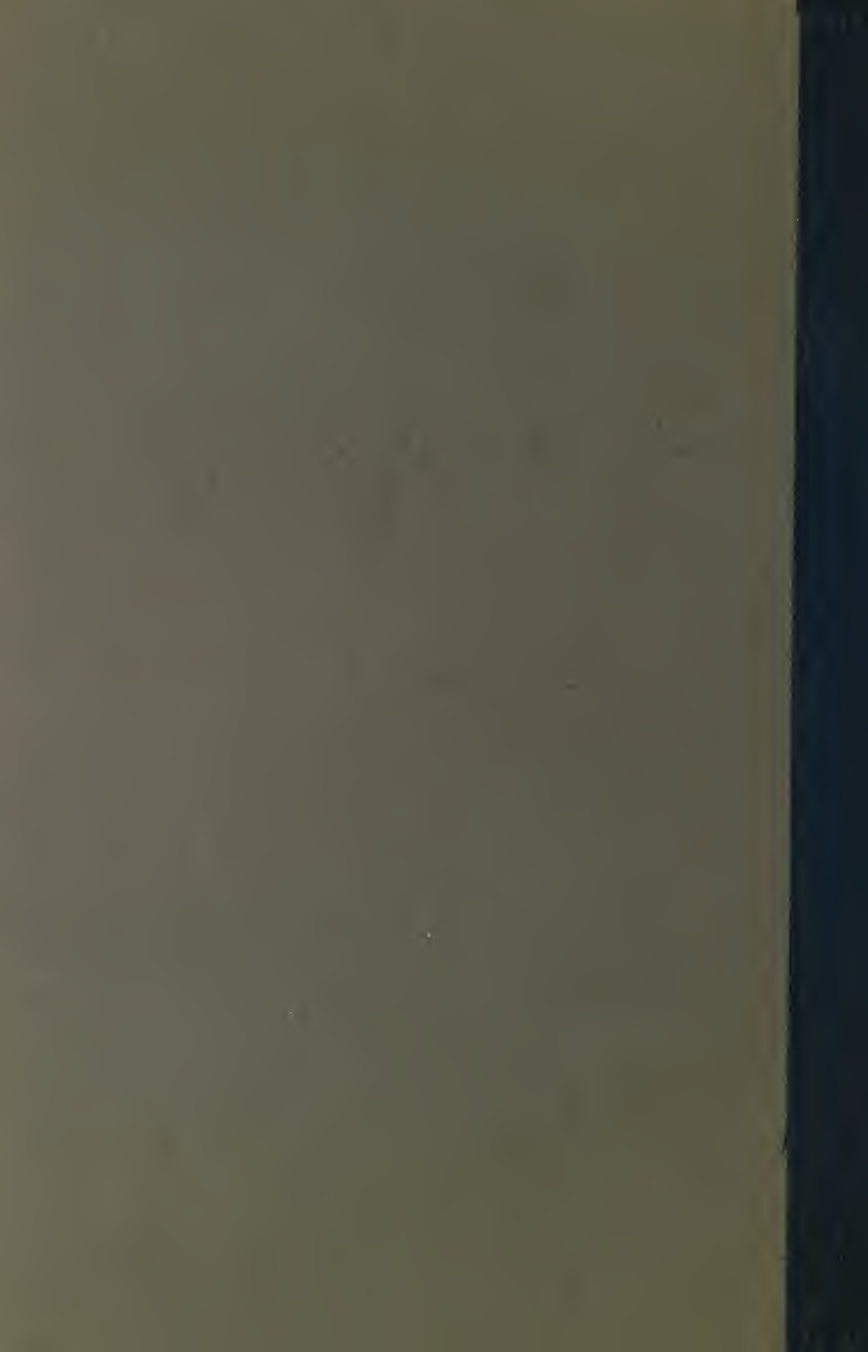
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Vanderdecken
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DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

VANDERDECKEN.

BY T. P. TAYLOR.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

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| 38. A Tale of Mystery. | 103. Merchant of Bruges. | 167. Comus. |
| 39. Douglas. | 104. Giovanni in London. | 168. Recruiting Sergeant. |
| 40. The Critic. | 105. Timon of Athens. | Animal Magnetism. |
| 41. George Barnwell. | | The Confederacy. |
| 42. The Grecian Daughter. | | The Carmelite. |
| 43. As You Like It. | | The Chancery. |
| 44. Cato. | | Colleges of a Day. |
| 45. The Beggars' Opera. | | Titus Andronicus. |
| 46. Isabella. | | Paul and Virginia. |
| 47. The Revenge. | | Know Your Own Mind. |
| 48. The Lord of the Manor. | | The Padlock. |
| 49. Romeo and Juliet. | | The Constant Couple. |
| 50. Sardanapalus. | | Better Late than Never. |
| 51. The Hypocrite. | | My Spouse and I. |
| 52. Venice Preserved. | | Every One has his Fault. |
| 53. The Provoked Husband. | | The Denise is in Him. |
| 54. The Clandestine Marriage. | | The Adopted Child. |
| 55. The Fair Penitent. | | Lovers' Vows. |
| 56. Two Gentlemen of Verona. | | Laid off the Oaks. |
| 57. Fatal Curiosity. | | The Duenna. |
| 58. The Belle's Stratagem. | | The Turnpike Gate. |
| 59. Manfred. | | Lady of Lyons. |
| 60. Rule a Wife & Have a Whore. | | Miss in her Teens. |
| 61. Bertram. | | Twelfth Night. |
| 62. The Wheel of Fortune. | | |
| 63. The Duke of Milan. | | |
| 64. The Good-Natured Man. | | |
| 65. King John. | | |



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| 127. The Maid of the Mill. | 192. The Earl of Warwick |
| 128. One o'Clock. | 193. Fortune's Frolics. |
| 129. Who's the Dupe? | |

V A N D E R D E C K E N ;
OR, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
A LEGENDARY DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.
BY T. P. TAYLOR.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 12.]

First Performed at the City of London Theatre, November 24th, 1846.

ADRIAN SPIEGELHALTER (a Rich Shipowner and Builder, of Saardam, in Holland)	Mr. Ersser Jones.
FREDERICK DESTEEVAN (Son of the Grand Pensionary)	Mr. H. J. Craven.
PHILIP VANDERDECKEN (Captain of Flying Dutchman)	{ a dual part }	Mr. E. F. Saville.
SCHRIFTEN (His Evil Genius)					
WINKY BOSS (the Boatswain, a Phlegmatic Hollander)	Mr. R. Honner.
JANSEN (Boatswain's Mate)	Mr. Coreno.
VAN SLOOP (an Anchorsmith)	Mr. Taylor.
HERMAN (Shipwright)	Mr. Morelli.
DEITCH (Cooper)	Mr. Bilbrooke.
SCHOONVELDT }	Officers of the Flying Dutchman				{ Mr. Wilkins.
KAKEL }					{ Mr. Jones.

CONTINUATION OF DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PIETER SIEUYS (a Morose Seaman)	Mr. F. Young.
KRANTZ and HILLEBRANT (Dutch Sailors)	Messrs. Cooper and Bird.
CORNELIUS RICHTER (Governor of a Dutch Colony)	Mr. Saunders.
POOTS (His Secretary)	Mr. J. Herbert.
PEDRO (Captain of a Portuguese Brig called Nostra Senora de Monte)	Mr. Richardson.
GOMEZ (First Lieutenant)	Mr. Romer.
ESTELLE (the Beautiful Daughter of Mynheer Spiegelhalter)	Mrs. R. Honner.
KATRINE (Landlady of the "Gouden Molen," or Golden Mill)	Miss Cooke.
ANNETTE (a Servant at the same)	Miss Harcourt.
YENKO	Miss Carter.
BLOWSKA	Miss Bennet.
MOODER	Miss Saville.
Hettentots	

Sailors, Shipwrights, Citizens, &c.

TIME AND SCENE.—Holland and her Colonies in the Seventeenth Century.

COSTUME.

PHILIP VANDERDECKEN.—Green, old-fashioned dress, with white sugar-loaf buttons—belt—high boots.

SCHRIFTEN.—He is the exact counterpart of Vanderdecken, save that he wears a sugar-loaf hat with a black feather in the place of the latter's fur cap, and that his body is partly enveloped in the folds of an ample sea-cloak.

WINKY BOSS.—The dress is one of the antique Dutch fashion. A cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees—red stockings—broad brass-buckled shoes—sugar-loaf hat and feather.

ADRIAN.—Embroidered coat and waistcoat—black silk breeches and stockings—diamond knee and shoe buckles, round hat—powdered wig.

FREDERICK DESTEEVAN.—Laid suit, ruffles, sword, and rosettes.

JANSEN and DUTCH SEAMEN.—Blue jackets, with white sugar-loaf buttons—red stockings, with clocks—square-toed shoes—old English high-crowned hats—large blue trousers.

CORNELIUS.—Loose trunks—slops—blue jacket, small silver buttons—hanger stock—official cap, with dark green upright feather in front.

POOTS.—Comic Dutch dress—large trunks, &c., &c.

PEDRO.—Velvet jacket, open sleeves—petticoat trousers, sea-boots, and cap.

ESTELLE.—Open velvet gown, trimmed with fur and gold—satin petticoat, flowered and embroidered with gold—stomacher, and cap.

KATRINE and ANNETTE.—Plain Dutch servant's dress.

YENKO, BLOWSKA, and MOODER.—Black bodies and stockings—striped half-bodies and skirts—beads—curly black, short hair, with gold earrings.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R

RC

C.

LC.

L.

* * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

VANDERDECKEN.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Saardam, or Windmill Town, on the shore, and at the mouth of the Zaan, an estuary of the Zuyder Zee. To the right and left, houses and shipbuilders' yards. In the distance, the Zaan. Among the vessels in the waters is one supposed to be the "Flying Dutchman," entirely black. In the foreground is seen the interior of a tavern, the "Gouden Molen," or "Golden Mill," in which tables are arranged. People smoking, drinking, playing various games, and groups exhibiting the some grotesque figures so ably described in the pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and the Dutch masters.

KATRINE is seen passing amongst them, distributing drink, and seeing that nothing is wanting. **DEITCH** and a party at table, O. P., singing the well-known Dutch melody.

SONG.—DEITCH.

Saufen bier and Brante wein,
Schmeissen, alle, die fenstun ein.
Ich ben liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich a lente.
(Chorus.—Omnes, while dancing.)
Ich ben liederlich, &c.

WINKY BOSS enters, R. U. E., and pushes his way through dancers.

Kat. Ah, mynheer, is that you?

Win. Ja, good ferdoom, and no von else!

Omnes. Good day, Winky. We had almost given you up!

Win. Donner und blitzen! I haf almost given meinself up, too! Der vinds blow up der dust right ahead, and bang up mein blinkers. Ich should haf gone on der wrong tack but for your squalls!

Kat. Squalls, mynheer, is not the word. Deitch, here, the cooper, has been giving us a good song.

Win. Ja, sapperment! And because he is a cooper, you tink he must be goot at a stove!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Bravo, Winky Boss!

Win. Here, Katrine, a throw of schuapps, just to fill mein stomach—der is noting in it!

(Drinks, lights his long pipe, and smokes.)

Deitch. You have come from the vessel, I suppose?

Win. (A puff and a pause.) Ja!

Deitch. When does she sail?

Win. So soon as der vinds shall change. Donder! it is the first voyage der Flying Dutchman shall take, and we must wait for de vinds.

Deitch. Then the crew—

Win. Haf no vork to do but eating, drinking,

and dancing. Sapperment! only dis morning, Mynheer Spiegelhalter has given to each man two guilders to drink success to der new sheep (ship).

Deitch. There was no occasion to say that word twice.

Win. Nein! here are some of der lads. (Music.)

Enter SEVERAL DUTCH SAILORS, R. U. E.

They all throw off their caps and cloaks.

Kat. Welcome, mynheeren, welcome!

Win. Welcome! Sapperment! Vos cheer, mein hearties.

Jan. Good cheer, boatswain; we have come to spend the owner's gratuity, and drink his health.

Win. Das is goot—for Mynheer Spiegelhalter is a goot man, and Mynheer Spiegelhalter is a rich man.

Kat. And pray, mynheer, are we not rich also since the great shipowner has come amongst us? Until his time the town of Saardam contained but a handful of poor fishermen. What a difference now, beautiful workshops, timber yards; finer and more plentiful than any in Holland. Hundreds of artisans daily employed, and not a poor man in the whole place.

Win. Ja! Das is as true as der log-book.

Kat. If any of you meet with an accident, if a child be left fatherless, a mother without support, who is always ready to render assistance? Why, Mynheer Spiegelhalter.

Win. Ja, sapperment! but das is so!

Kat. Then there's his daughter, his charming daughter.

Win. Charming—ja—but das is so!

Kat. Who is it goes to sick beds—who wipes away your tears, and like an angel brings pity and comfort wherever she places her foot?

Win. Vhy, der fraulein—der beautiful Estelle Spiegelhalter! Good ferdoom! I could hug her as I hug you, mein Katrine.

(Tries to kiss Katrine.)

Kat. No pawing, if you please, mynheer.

Win. Himmel and Erde! der vomans is more difficult to manage as der fregate of thirty-six guns, so I shall stick in der future to mein lawful spouse.

Kat. Your lawful spouse? No doubt you are proud of her?

Win. Ja! She is sheated and copper-bottomed!

Kat. What an extraordinary wife you must have, mynheer!

Win. Wife! Sapperment! It is der sheep, der Flying Deitchman. I am der boatswain, and saw her pass from der stocks to der ocean.

Jan. Ah, mynheer, her launch must have been a fine sight.

Win. Ah, Jansen, he who not seen der launch of der Flying Deitchman, has seen not noting. Picture to your minds a house of three stories, all der people placed upon der keel, about as tick as der blade of der knife, which is retained only, on an inclined plane, by its single and last bolt; dat bolt is withdrawn, der mighty fabric advances—slowly; as von may say, like a child risking its first step; drawn by its own weight, it rushes like an avalanche—all hearts beat, but all voices are silent. At last der vessel enters her element, der moder ocean, which opens to receive, seems to swallow her infant, but she is merely embracing the newly born; recovering placidity, and balancing proudly, der noble sheep soon nestles in der maternal bosom; she hoists her flag, and de crowd salute mit von real cry of enthusiasm, for dey know it is von of der defenders of their country, and may be, von of her glories.

Omnes. Three cheers for the Flying Dutchman!

Jan. Aye, by the way, mynheer, do you know who drew the bolt at the launch?

Win. Ja! but I shall tell you more about that when I shall have made mein dinner. Hilloa, Katrine, haul out a stowage of "sour kraut" and sausages in your parlour. Dee stomachs of mein friends are keen as der frosts in der winter's night.

Kat. This way, mynheeren.

Win. Before I shall eat I shall pay der reckoning. (*Gives money to Katrine out of a long leather purse.*) There are seven of us—dere are eight guilder—von for yourself!

Kat. Well, mynheer, as you are so generous, I think I must now let you touch my lips—but mind, it must be modestly.

Win. Ja! (*Smacks Katrine loudly.*) Das is petter as goot.

(*The Dutch sailors laugh, and go out with Katrine, L.—Winkey follows leisurely, first relighting his pipe.—Dancing is resumed by company in the tavern. Suddenly HERMAN is seen, R., breaking through crowd, and enters, to Katrine.*)

Her. Good news, friends! Mynheer Spiegelhalter and his daughter are coming.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza!

SPIEGELHALTER and ESTELLE enter, R.—As soon as they are perceived, all hats and bonnets are flying in the air.—Some jump upon tables, others upon the seats, &c., everybody shouting—"Long life to Mynheer Spiegelhalter!—Long life to his daughter!"

Spieg. Enough! enough! my good people! Pleased as I may be with these marks of attachment, I feel I do not merit such excessive gratitude.

Omnes. Yes, yes.

Van Sloop. Aye, aye, my hearties! Mynheer deserves all, and a great deal more into the bargain!

Deitch. Yes, speaking metaphorically, we are but the barrel, and mynheer the chime—knock away the chime, and, as we coopers know, the barrel goes to pieces.

Spieg. It's to your industry and activity that I owe in a great measure the continual increase of that wealth, which it is but just I should share with you. I direct your labours, that is my only merit.

Omnes. No! no!

Spieg. Thanks to our united efforts, we have enriched Holland by changing a miserable village into the flourishing city of Saardam. We may all claim the title of being useful citizens, and in this noble enterprise I seek no greater share of praise than any among you. (*The crowd cheer again.*) Spare me! spare me! (*The cheering ceases.*) The weatherwise tell me that in a few short hours we may welcome a favourable wind. If their prognostications be correct, I shall extend my great work of the approaching season, and put to sea the Flying Dutchman. This beautiful vessel, built with every modern appliance, has also a peculiar mode of propulsion, possessing very important advantages, and will, if I am not greatly mistaken, prove herself the swiftest craft afloat. Her reputation is increasing daily in Holland, and even in mighty England, who has till now disputed with us the mastery of the main. Katrine, let each one present be served with a stoup of liquor, that they may drink "prosperity attend the first voyage of the Flying Dutchman!"

(*All clap their hands, and cry, "Bravo!"*)

The liquor called for is brought in from L., and served, while the ensuing dialogue goes forward.)

Est. It's very strange, papa! Frederick was to meet us by his own appointment, and yet he is not come.

Spieg. Apparently not yet, Estelle—but depend upon it he will not keep us waiting long. Folks travel fast, they say, when propelled by the wings of love.

Est. I think, papa, he would find a good vessel, a more expeditious mode of conveyance, and now I speak of boats—I dare say, that at the sculling match we shall find him.

Spieg. Fie, fie, daughter, you are unjust to your intended. I warrant that it is not his own fault he is not here—perhaps his father, the baron, may have—

(*Horns heard without.—The attention of everybody is attracted by the sound, and after a pause a crowd of young men and women make their appearance before the tavern R.*)

Van Sloop. (*Advancing, cap in hand.*) Please, your honour's worship, as an old tar, the young uns have ordered me first a head to be spokesman to your honour, and your honour's daughter. Not as it's any honour on my part, your honour, and saving your honour's presence.

Spieg. Tut, tut, speak plainly, Van Sloop, and then I shall understand you. What is it that you now require of me?

Van S. Well, your honour! I've a bit of a favour to ask.

Spieg. Well—well, my good man, let me hear it, and if I can grant your request, I will readily do so.

Van S. Why, you sees, mynheer, as how there's to be a sculling match to try the speed of the ships boats, among shipwrights, coopers, seamen, and other lubbers employed in your docks. There's a prize of honour to the best oarsman, and so we all thinks, if so be as we ain't too proud, that the hand of Miss Estelle ought to bestow the aforesaid prize, notwithstanding—

Spieg. Certainly, Van Sloop. My daughter is honoured by such a mark of esteem.

Deitch. Then you and I, Van Sloop, will try a match for it.

Van S. Aye, aye! I am quite ready and willing, Deitch.

Est. Won't you come, papa?

Spieg. Certainly, my dear. But don't let me forget this. (*Gives Estelle a purse.*) Let this reward be given by you to the conqueror.

[*Shouts and music.—Spiegelhalter leads Estelle out, &c. All depart with joyous acclamation.*]

After a pause, WINKY BOSS, JANSEN, and Dutch Sailors enter, L., and seat themselves at the table, P. R.

Win. (*Leisurely loading his pipe and smoking.*) Donder! but der dinner vos goot, der sausages vas goot, un der saur-kraut vos—

Jan. Excellent!

Win. Ja! I smell him under mein nose even now!

Jan. The Rhine wine, too, was very tolerable, mynheer. You tasted it, of course, during dinner?

Win. Nein!

Jan. No?

Win. I never drink!

Jan. Never drink?

Win. Never, when I am eating. Do der von ting at der von time is der motto of Von Grotius! Und, sapperment! Von Grotius shall be a great man, und his wife, also!

Jan. You may well call Von Grotius a great man!

Win. Ja! a very great man. He veigh, English veight, dirty stone, and his wife vos dirty-two!

Jan. But come, mynheer, we are steering into a strange latitude, and leaving the right tack. Don't forget your promise.

Win. Nein!

(*Speaks slowly, and re-lights his pipe with sang froid.*)

Jan. During dinner we respected all your secrets. Such a discretion merits its recompense, and we hope you will now tell us more of the history of the Flying Dutchman and her mysterious captain.

Win. Ven der Hollands gin shall come—not before!

Jan. You will not wait long, then, for see, the liquor is here.

(*Music.—ANNETTE, a servant, enters, L., and places bottles and glasses on table. She then, during the following dialogue, draws curtain, by which means the exterior is concealed from the audience, and the scene assumes the aspect of a cosy Dutch chamber.*)

Annette. Here is the drink, mynheeren.

Jan. Thank'ee my lass! I'll tot it out, and we'll have a toast.

Win. Ja! I shall drink von all to meinself!

Jan. To yourself!

Win. Ja! I shall toast der Flying Dutchman!

Jan. The very thing I was going to do. (*They respond to the toast.*) Apropos of the Flying Dutchman, let us now have your narrative, mynheer.

Win. Ja! (*A pause.*) Mein pipe is out.

Jan. Quick—a light, my lass.

(*Annette gets one.*)

Win. (*Lights his pipe and smokes leisurely.*) Das is goot. (*He appears suddenly affected.*) Ja, ja! I shall weep.

(*Dashes a tear from his eye with the cuff of his coat.*)

Jan. Eh! zounds, mynheer! How agitated you seem!

Win. I shall be petter presently. You are surprised to see der tear in mein eye, but at das perilous moment ven der Flying Deitchman vas lannched, sailors, old enough to be mein grand-mothers, vept, and dere stout heart, like mein own, beat wid der anxiety.

Jan. Was there an accident, then?

Win. Nein! You shall listen: dere vas von convict condemned, at der risk of his own life, to draw der last bolt of der vessel, der Flying Deitchman.

Jan. I see, and by so doing purchase his liberty.

Win. Ja! for it is a hazardous duty, and der poor wretch to whom it is assigned, if too venture-some, may be crushed as von fly, and his body pounded into a myriad of atoms. Vell, ven der signal vos given, der convict advanced mit a firm step to der massive sheep, but when he arrive immediately under it, der imminence of der danger paralyze him, and he say, "Take me back to mein prison, put on my shains; I cannot die!"

(*Puffs vigorously.*)

Jan. His heart failing him, of course the ceremony had to be put off.

Win. Nien.

Jan. No!

Win. Ja! (*Puffs placidly.*)

Jan. And how so, mynheer?

Win. Don't hurry yourself, Jansen, und I shall tell you. (*He puffs out again.*) Ven der spectators were preparing to vos you shall call skeedaddle, a young sailor jump out of the crowd, he vos a mere lad—some small years old only—donder, von could hardly call him a man—but, sapperment! he had der heart of twenty men, for he snatch der axe from der hant of der convict, and before you shall say Jan. Robinsons, he vos under der keel of der Flying Deitchman.

Jan. What followed?

Win. Von great crash—such a crash as you shall never see again—for der mighty sheep, like lightning, vas dashing into the vaters; and der brave young sailors had cut away der last bolt das helt her.

Jan. Had he escaped uninjured?

Win. Ja! and ven it vos perceived, dere vos von very large shout from der vast concourse of peoples assembled; das shout echoed in der air for at least twenty miles!

Jan. Twenty miles!

Win. Ja! I shall be at Amsterdam, fifty miles off, and I shall hear it!

Jan. I suppose the hero of the day received the reward he had so nobly gained?

Win. Ja! Mynheer Spiegelhalter vos so well please mit his courage und intrepidity, that he say, "Mein friend, you haf by dis act proved yourself a true seaman—so true a seaman as ever trod der plank! You haf done vos vould haf appalled half der Admiralty, and deir gold swabs shall be on your shoulders!"

(*Puffs.*)

Jan. I guess the sequel. This young sailor—this daring adventurer—this Crichton of the seas—is no other than—

Win. Philip Vanderdecken, captain of der Flying Deitchman!

Jan. Hum! This story of yours, mynheer, has set me a-thinking—that is to say, I have always thought the skipper a devil, and now I am sure of it!

Win. Don't let him hear you say so, or, verdammt, he will put your nose on his fist!

Jan. Nevertheless, I shall repeat my assertion.

Win. Tenfel!—Den vos is your drift?

Jan. Can't say—I'm out of my reckoning altogether; but this I can say, that t'other night I saw the captain put off to the vessel, and as I turned the corner from the starting-place, he nearly ran me down in the street.

Win. *(Stares Jansen vacantly in the face, and then, blowing a whiff, exclaims, dryly)* He vos mad!

Annette. *(Coming forward.)* Mynheer Jansen is not so mad as you think, and I can bear out what he says. I know for certain that Captain Vanderdecken is only—

Win. Der tenfel! Verdammt! vos oder story shall you stoff me mit.

Annette. No story at all, but the plain truth, as I hope to be married.

Win. Ja! I shall believe you shall vont to be married, so fraulein, you can go on—vos about der capitaine.

Annette. Are you sure he can't hear?

Win. *(Leisurely surveys the room, puffs, and says)* Ja! He cannot hear, because he is not here.

Annette. Well, then, it was only yesterday that Mynheer Vanderdecken bounced into this very room, and said "Bring me some wine!" I replied, "In a moment," and I went to the bar. When I got to the bar I found him there also, and crying out with a large oath, "Give me some schiedam!"

(Music tremulo.)

Win. Vos—der capitaine?

Annette. Yes! your captain!

Win. Sure?

Annette. Sure!

Win. Had he von long tail?

Annette. I hadn't the courage to look behind me.

Win. Nein! That vos pitiful! Der tenfel, folk say, has der cloven foots. I shall see Mynheer Vanderdecken mitout his boots on—

VANDERDECKEN, who has entered at back, and seated himself at the table, R., unperceived, now for the first time speaks.

Van. When you have done with those gentlemen, my dear, perhaps you will attend to their commander.

Annette. Mercy! 'tis he himself!

Jan. His honour here! My precious limbs!

Win. Ja! Jansen, don't you smell der brimstone?

(The above dialogue is spoken gloomily by Annette, Jansen, and Winky, and as Vanderdecken advances they avoid him and retire up.)

Van. So, report is true. The superstition seems to have affected even my own crew, so much the better, it may assist me in the object I have in view. *(Turns gaily round and addresses Annette.)* Come, my dear, tell me, as I have pressing business. *(Puts his arm round Annette's waist.)* Can I see your mistress?

Annette. *(Timidly.)* She has gone— *(Pauses.)*

Van. Gone! Where?

Annette. To see the scullers' match.

Van. Then she will return shortly, no doubt, and I must wait for her. By the way, while I am capering on shore here, my lass, you may serve me with a fried omelette or two, by way of diversion, and some wine.

Annette. *(Still tremulous.)* Directly, mynheer. *(Going.)*

Van. Stay! you have not inquired of which wine I will partake.

Annette. No—no, mynheer.

Van. Shall I name it?

Annette. Yes—yes, if you please, mynheer.

Van. Then it shall be the nectar that sparkles on these cherry lips. *(Kisses Annette.)*

Annette. Oh, fie! mynheer. *(Aside.)* If he be really a devil, he's a remarkably handsome one, and by no means so ngly or black as the devil is usually painted.

[Runs off with some little show of terror, L.—Vanderdecken now turns to the sailors, who are about to take an abrupt departure, R.]

Van. Avast, there; you are sheering off without orders. *(Pause.)* Come to me, here, all of you, and don't stand staring like a set of dolphins at confession. Winky Boss!

Win. Ja! Ich ben here, your honour.

(Salutes, and comes forward.)

Van. Hold yourself in readiness to call out the gangs.

Win. Ja!

Van. And let the eye of your experience see that the Dutchman has her longboat, and that in every respect she is taut and trim.

Win. Ja! ja! your honours! der sheeps shall be as taut and trim, alow and aloft, as mein lady's bed shambers.

Van. My lads, you may receive sailing orders much sooner than you expect, for a sou'-wester is suddenly springing up, and we shall be out of the Saardam waters before twenty-four hours are over our heads.

All. Twenty-four hours, your honour!

Van. Yes; for Mynheer Spiegelhalter, the owner, would wish his new vessel under weigh as soon as possible, to try her capabilities; and Philip Vanderdecken, the captain, would have the proud satisfaction of saying that the first voyage of the "Flying Dutchman" to the Cape was also the quickest on record.

Win. Ja! Folk shall say das you can make der sheep sail as fast as you shall please, and—"Got-tam!"—das your honours can call von vind ven you vant von.

Van. Moonshine, Winky—all moonshine! I only give you these hints that you may pipe all hands to quarters, and spend your few hours of liberty with sweethearts and wives.

Win. Das vos right, your honour—vos is der worlds mitout der vomaans?

Van. Ah, Winky, we poor sons of the sea know too well what it is to be deprived of their society. The glories, the wonders of the mighty ocean, pass as nothing to the lonely tar; but were the companion of his heart to be the companion of his peril, the boundless waste around him would be peopled with sweet hopes, and each sunburnt land he visits would be as some dear loved home.

Win. Mein guter capitaine, ven you shall take der vomaans on board der sheep, you shall not take der discipline in der convey.

Van. How so, boatswain?

Win. Because der vomaans shall lofe and honour, but—sapperment!—dey always shall not obey der vord of command.

Van. Ah, Winky, as usual you are prepared with a cutting railleury and a pointed epigram. But my

omelette is waiting; let me enjoy the delicacy by the fraulein's bright fire. Don't forget my orders, lads.

[Exit, L.—Sailors watch Vanderdecken off.

Jan. Well, my hearties, all said and done, you must admit that Captain Vanderdecken is a brave fellow; and as to his being *Old Nick*, why—

(Music, tremulous.)

Win. Stop, stop, Jansen—not so fast; for, sap-
perment! dere vos a slice of der teufel in his kiss-
ing der young voman.

Jan. Avast heaving, mynheer—but perhaps you have good cause to be jealous, for the skipper is running hard in your quarter. See, he is kissing the fraulein again; and now he dives into the kitchen after her.

(During the above, SCHRIFTEN has entered and seated himself at the table, R., and in the position lately occupied by Vanderdecken—He is the exact counterpart of Vanderdecken, save that he wears a sugar loaf hat with a black feather, in the place of the latter's fur cap, and that his body is partly enveloped in the folds of an ample sea-cloak—Schriften throws his cloak open, and lays his feathered hat on the table, and by so doing renders his resemblance to Vanderdecken perfect and complete. On Jansen's last speech, Jansen and the others turn. All start paralyzed at seeing Schriften.)

Jan. Why!—Did you ever—

Win. Nein! Never!

Jan. Winky!

Win. Jansen!

Jan. There's the Captain Vanderdecken, sure enough!

Win. Ja! or der teufel!

(Men shake their heads.)

Jan. My blood positively freezes.

Win. Ja! I'm all over in a large perspiration.

Jan. I propose we shift our moorings.

Win. Ja! Dis place has become very warm.

(Nods and points below.)

Jan. Move ahead, then!

Sailors. Aye—aye!

Win. Ja!

[The Sailors, Jansen, and Winky go off cautiously, but at the same time with no little rapidity.

Schrf. (Alone on the stage, and after a pause.) The wind is rising fast. The Flying Dutchman will soon weigh anchor, and I have no time to debate on the desperate game I am playing. Yes, and I must play it out—to shrink is to perish. I am wild with terror, yet flushed with hope, for I have power and riches a king might number. Ah! what was that?—a well-known voice! The speaker is coming here—good! I must be invisible. Yonder chamber must do that feat without the Devil's magic. One step—one step more, and the test begins.

[Schriften passes out as FREDERICK, attended by Servants, makes his appearance, R. U. E.]

Fred. Unyoke the horses, and let me be furnished with a "relais." My poor beasts are thoroughly exhausted, and have carried me well.

Ser. Five leagues in an hour and a half is not bad travelling, mynheer.

Fred. Certainly not, and especially as the last part of our journey was impeded by the sudden change in the weather. But, observe, the comely hostess is about to put in an appearance. Welcome, fair Katrine—thrice welcome!

Enter KATRINE, L.

Kat. And welcome to you also, Mynheer Desteveen. The long expected come at last, eh! My lady, Estelle Spiegelhalter, however, can scarcely be more delighted to see you than I am—both she and papa seemed quite in a taking about you, and I have no doubt the former took it more to heart than the latter.

Fred. Beautiful Estelle—I confess that when I first saw her I had to capitulate, on honourable terms, for my heart was unable to resist the power of Cupid's artillery. Her father, in the first instance, rejected my suit—he argued the enormous difference which separated us—my own father being Grand Pensionary of Holland.

Kat. And is not, may I ask, Mynheer Spiegelhalter also a nobleman? He is the founder of a city. What title is more noble than that?

Fred. The wolf-suckled Romulus had no other, truly, and for certes, Mynheer Spiegelhalter is a Romulus in his way. I disputed the point with him, and he at length fell into my views; for in our happy land, commerce is justly honoured as a source of power, and our highest nobles do not condemn the alliance of an honourable merchant. I have read "Seneca," you see, and he has made me a bit of a philosopher, Katrine.

Kat. Well, mynheer, I believe love and fortune are united in this case—you love the lady, and I sincerely think she loves you.

Fred. A conjecture only!

Kat. She seems always so happy!

Fred. Yes, Estelle is of a lively disposition, and yet more than once, Katrine, I have surprised her in tears. When I spoke of our marriage, she exhibited extraordinary emotion, and if disturbed looks and a pale cheek are to be construed by a jealous eye, I must certainly persuade myself that I have some rival!

Kat. A rival! Oh, no, mynheer, my dear lady, has no deceit in her nature, and her heart is thoroughly yours.

Fred. Well, well, perhaps I am doing her affection an injustice; but having hinted a passing suspicion—nothing more—we'll cut the thread of our discourse, and—Zounds! while I am talking to you, Katrine, I am forgetting my appointment. A matter of State has made me two hours later than I expected, and I must go at once to the Chateau "Spiegelhalter" to give a reason for my apparent want of courtesy.

Kat. You will find neither mynheer nor his daughter at home. They return here to confer the prize on the best sculler.

Fred. Then I must await their coming with patience. They will not be long, I take it?

Kat. I expect them every moment.

Fred. I am glad to hear you say so. A journey up to the chateau would be as so much time lost to me, for as I have told you, I'm on public business, and must hurry onwards after an interview with Estelle. Ah! that reminds me, I must have horses, Katrine.

Kat. Horses you can have, mynheer, in plenty, but not postillions.

Fred. How so?

Kat. They are all *en fête*, and when that is the case they invariably take more *schiedam* than is good for them.

Fred. Oh, I need give myself no uneasiness on that score. I have a plan that will draw me from embarrassment. My servants here understand horses; a post is soon run, and if, *Katrine*, you will permit, they shall take the place of your postillions.

Kat. Oh, willingly, *myrheer*!

Fred. (To *Servants*.) Now then, my men, you hear what the good "*fraulein*" has said—see about fresh horses.—[*Servants go out, R.*]—I don't know how it is, *Katrine*, but I have a singular presentiment that I shall not see *Estelle* again, and conception, it would seem, is about to resolve itself into reality, for see, *Myrheer Spiegelhalter* returns, and without his daughter.

Enter SPIEGELHALTER, attended, R.

Welcome, *Myrheer Spiegelhalter*!

Spieg. Frederick, I know how much you honour me, but I fear I cannot return your friendly greeting; and you will pardon me when I say I must decline the alliance with my daughter, even on your own account.

Fred. Decline!

Spieg. A marriage between yourself and *Estelle* is impossible under existing circumstances.

Fred. Indeed, *myrheer*; then I shall say no more now, but leave it to your daughter herself to decide.

Spieg. You will never see her again.

Fred. This is some jest.

Spieg. Men do not jest where *life and honour* are concerned.

Fred. *Life and honour*!

Spieg. I repeat the marriage contract must be dissolved.

Fred. You forget that I am the son of the chief magistrate of Holland, and can insist that it be ratified.

Spieg. *Estelle* is now above the majesty of the law—I will not add to, or diminish the narrative by any circumstances, but simply relate my story. While watching the sculling match, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of some one's footsteps immediately behind me—ere I could turn, the figure of a man has passed between me and *Estelle*. I thought the intrusion singular enough, but never for a moment harboured a suspicion of what was to follow, or that the event was one of design, and not accident—it was evidently preconcerted. *Estelle* had suffered herself, before I had the power to prevent the action, to be led to a small boat—the next moment it put off to the ship, and my surprise can scarcely be conceived when I found the ship, my own vessel, gliding rapidly from her moorings into the "open sea."

Fred. Your vessel!—this seems incredible!

Spieg. You will say so, *myrheer*, when I shall have spoken of the treacherous companion of *Estelle's* flight.

Fred. (Hurriedly.) Ah, you know him, then! His name! Tell it to me.

Spieg. Philip Vanderdecken!

Fred. The Captain! then my surmises were correct. (Gun heard.) The signal gun.

Spieg. 'Tis even so!

(*Frederick hastily draws the curtain at back, and discovers the Flying Dutchman crowding all sail for sea.*)

Fred. The Flying Dutchman is leaving the harbour!

Spieg. And without my orders!

Fred. Boats there! Out oars and men! One hundred guilders to the man, who—

SCHRIFTEN suddenly appears on the gallery.

Schrijf. Stay—I can explain all!

Spieg. and *Fred.* Vanderdecken.

(*Their surprise at the appearance of the supposed Vanderdecken, and tableaux as Act drop falls.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE — The Deck of the Flying Dutchman. —

The ship has all the characteristics of the Dutch cumbrous vessels of the seventeenth century, with its high stern and poop elevated on poop. The Cabin, at the back, has heavily carved doors of a cloister-like form, and is supported on each side by roughly-carved sea-dragons—the ascent is made by two massive ladders on the right and left.—The windows and lanterns are of painted glass, and the cordage-ropes and sails wear the appearance of a bygone age—the whole ship is overladen with sculpture, and gaudy with paint and gold.—The crew are on the deck and in the shrouds, busily engaged—bales of merchandize, coils, and large chests scattered about.—The hatchway (c.) open.—The whole picture lit by a declining sun, and the old lanterns' light dimly up.—Music as the drop rises.—A large bell striking seven; the crew leave their labours, and then severally disperse.—When the stage is quite cleared, PIETER STRUYS, who has appeared on the roof of the cabin, c., advances cautiously by the ladder, L., and advances.

Pieter. As the skies are cloudy, and forebode rough weather, I am given the opportunity of visiting my solitary prisoner with greater security than usual. 'Tis strange that Captain Vanderdecken, as yet, has not hinted at our compact, or even inquired once after his lady love. I presume he fancies she is quite safe in my hands, and has some cogent reasons for his reticence. I will now descend to the hollow beneath his cabin, and see if the miraculous powers of the Indian drug are still effective. For more than thirty days under their influence has *Estelle Spiegelhalter* remained as one spell-bound. She moves not, stirs not, scarcely breathes; she literally seems to sleep the sleep of death, and that life has left her calmly.

(*Music tremulo.*—*Pieter goes to the cabin and puts his hand to the door, and as he is about to open it, a distant wail accosts his ear.—He mechanically turns, and then leans over the side of the vessel, L.*)

Pieter. Surely, that was the cry of distress, and proceeding from the distant wave! My terrified fancy would lead me to suppose that a warning voice is addressing me while engaged in this criminal office—Yes! I can perceive something floating on the still surface of the water on the beam of the vessel. (Pause.) It is a boat! The body of a man in it; but whether dead or not, I cannot tell! Who can he be? There was a vessel

upset in the squall yesterday. He must have had time to cut away the small boat then astern, for the rest of the crew all perished. (Pause.) Ah! he staggers forward and signals for a rope!

(*Pieter throws one over the side of the vessel, L., and ultimately succeeds in drawing Schriften into it. The latter, supported by the former, comes forward.—Schriften partially recovers, after Pieter gives him something to drink from his flask.*)

Schrif. (Wildly, and still thinking himself at sea.) I see her! I am near her! Courage, man, courage! A few more efforts and I shall reach the ship. Yes, the Dutchman recedes from the rocks, and is making towards safe water. So much the better, I shall not be foiled.

(*Pieter stares in astonishment and with horror, as the moon, which now bursts forth, discloses to him the face of Schriften.—Music ceases.*)

Pieter. I can't be mistaken! Those are the features of the captain; and yet, I could have sworn that not ten minutes since I saw him pass to the lower deck.

Schrif. (Gazing vacantly at Pieter.) Where—where am I?

Pieter. Safe on board your own ship, the Flying Dutchman. Do you not know me, skipper? I am Pieter Struys, your confidant!

Schrif. Yes, yes; but, Estelle—where is she?

Pieter. Safe on board, also, in the hiding place beneath your cabin. She don't appear to have suffered much during the voyage, and the drug we administered has made her forget every circumstance attending it.

Schrif. (Gloomily.) Poor Estelle! It was indeed a stern necessity, and I feel that evil will come of it—but what then? Is it not her destiny?

(*Muses.*)

Pieter. (Regarding Schriften.) His mind is distracted, that's certain. Some great calamity, or his recent exhaustion of strength, has brought this about. Skipper, I ought not perhaps to ask the question, but a more than common curiosity has put these words into my mouth. How is it that I find you, who, not half an hour ago, were the life and soul of the festivities going forward on board, now cast adrift, depending only on Providence or the elements? No boat has left the ship—nor have we returned signals with any other vessel.

Schrif. You seek, Pieter, to possess yourself of superior knowledge and unearthly intelligence. I cannot answer your question, as my mission is solely executed by an invisible agency. I see you tremble and turn pale at the conviction that you have formed a league with one the world would call a wizard. But you have nothing to fear from so rash an act, provided you are silent, and you continue faithful to me.

Pieter. I confess, captain, your words chill me to the heart; but, as I am your partner in crime, you need not doubt my honesty of intention.

Schrif. I am too deeply skilled in the knowledge of the human heart not to know that the man who could prepare the sleep of death for a well-filled purse at the will of an employer, would scruple little to deal out death even to that employer himself.

Pieter. And when our contract is at an end, what will you do with me?

Schrif. Put you safely on shore at the Cape. You can do me no harm, and I intend no harm to you. I believe this because I feel inclined to brave my destiny, and not to quail at it. Now leave me, Pieter Struys, 'twere better we were not seen together again. I must steal an interview with Estelle for a few moments.

(*Music.*)

(*When Pieter has retired, Schriften, advances to the cabin, and throws open its ponderous doors. The floor of the cabin sinks, and through the aperture rises a couch made of oak and canework, and upon which ESTELLE is discovered reclining, and asleep—the pale moonbeams play upon her features.*)

Schrif. The powers of the subtle opiate are not yet exhausted. She sleeps still, calm and peaceful as one in the grave. How pale, yet how beautiful—'tis wisely said that sleep is akin to death; and—As I thought, the fresh sea-breeze awakes her from her lengthened slumber.

(*The moonbeams still falls on Estelle's figure. She opens her eyes, and gazes fixedly. Schriften contemplates Estelle, and after a pause she utters a sigh—her hands move, and one of them at length towards her bosom—she turns, looks at Schriften, and then shudders.*)

Est. (Regarding him.) What strange place is this? Why am I brought here?—and—who are you?

Schrif. Philip Vanderdecken.

Est. Philip Vanderdecken! Yes, yes! I know you now. After entrapping and ensnaring me, you come like a coward to revel and rejoice in your cruelty—but a time will come for punishment.

Schrif. Lady, compose yourself, I may not be so bad as I seem. Blame me, if you so desire, but proof shall not be wanting that I mean you well—in a word—if a life of innocence and purity were all that were required, Estelle Spiegelhalter would be sure of future bliss.

Est. Why do you speak to me in words such as these?

Schrif. Because I am prescient of danger—nay, perhaps death—to one I would not injure.

Est. To me?

Schrif. Yes, to you! Some people can read the future more readily than others!

Est. Not if they are mortal.

Schrif. Yes, if they are mortal! But mortal or not, I can see that which I would avert. Tempt not destiny.

Est. Who can avert it? If I take your counsel, still it was my destiny to take your counsel. If I take it not, still it was my destiny.

Schrif. Well, then avoid that which seems to threaten you.

Est. Tell me, Vanderdecken, is not your fate interwoven with mine—I feel it is.

Schrif. And why think you so?

Est. For many reasons. What power, what fascination can have induced me to be led by you, I may almost say, willingly, to this vessel?

Schrif. When evil is near, its presence flings a shade over the heart, and prudence is obscured at the same time by the umbrage.

Est. Then our abrupt departure?

Schrf. I have spoken of *prudence*, you will surely admit that Philip Vanderdecken lacked it, when a spirit of daring prompted him to wager with some triflers that he would be out at sea before he could receive sailing orders from the owner of the vessel.

Est. You cannot deny but that you are connected mysteriously and incomprehensibly in this mission.

Schrf. If you think it true and holy, it becomes so.

Est. Then why do you appear my enemy?

Schrf. I am not your enemy, fair lady, and my actions will, sooner or later, bear out my words. But now I leave you to consider this weighty matter over. Pace the decks for a few moments—no one is here to disturb you—and cogitate till I return.

[*Goes out.*]

Est. This man I am now convinced is not of this world, and is in some way connected with my future husband's fate. To me he wishes well—to him no harm; then why this mystery? That he will not tell. He has tempted me—tempted me most strangely. What offers to a fond and doting wife! Yet, to die separated from Frederick! Can I deceive him? No—no; it must not be! Come what will, it is my destiny, and I must face it.

(*Estelle returns to the cabin, and seats herself on the couch. — Music tremulo.*)

(*Pensively.*) I wish I had not listened to this strange narration, and searched into futurity. Alas! when it is too late, I would fain retrace my steps, and ask that I be left in ignorance once more.

(*SCHRIFTEN returns, R., and contemplates Estelle, who remains in a gloomy abstraction.*)

Schrf. It would be some atonement for my many crimes to restore this hapless girl to her no less hapless lover, Frederick Desteeven; but to do so would not avert her doom, but render it eternal. I have proved that my mission is not false—the knowledge of it has strengthened her. She feels I have the power to read the future, and that I have read aright. (*Music ceases as Schriften advances to Estelle.*) Estelle, are you prepared to answer me?

Est. I dare not!

Schrf. I have spoken of a cruel fate that may be avoided. Do you follow the advice I have given you?

Est. My fortune—my present—my future are embarked, and destiny may do its worst!

Schrf. Decide!—Vanderdecken—

Est. No—Frederick! Frederick or death!

Schrf. (*Seizing her hands.*) Sleep then, perverse Estelle; and when your slumber shall have passed away, and with it all you loved, the despised Vanderdecken shall awaken you again.

(*Music. — Schriften passes the opiate before Estelle, and she falls insensible upon the couch. Schriften then, covering her body with a mantle, closes the cabin doors, and advances to the front.*)

Estelle! I love you for your fidelity—even your fidelity to him. I cannot blame, I pity you; but I must not yield to pity. I have other duties—other ties; the haze is gathering only—the storm

has yet to come. When it bursts forth, may those who are its victims pass scatheless through the terrible ordeal that awaits them.

(*Enters the cabin in which Estelle is sleeping, closing the door again after him. — Music ceases. — During the last few words of Schriften's speech the head of WINKY BOSS is seen emerging from the hatchway, C. — Winky Boss observes Schriften, and after he goes out Winky Boss comes forward.*)

Win. Ven der capitaine und himself vos talking I shall make meinself scarce, for folks shall say das two is company, and three vos none; but, sapperment! notwithstanding, I shall smell vos you call "some rat." Ven he "openet" der door, mein eye caught der sight of der petticoat;—there should not ought to be der petticoat on board der "Flying Dutchman;"—so I say inside to meinself, as der capitaine say to himself, some von has got a very pretty wife, and is very fond of her. I haf mein doubts, derefore I shall clear them up. Der capitaine—sly dogs!—gave orders dis morning that no von shall enter das cabin; but, donder! he shall not gif orders das no von shall look through der keyholes.

(*Music tremulo. — As Winkey stoops to look through the keyhole of the cabin door, VANDERDECKEN, SCHOONVELDT, KAKEL, and other OFFICERS enter, R.*)

Van. (*Slapping the peeper, Winky Boss, smartly on the shoulder.*) 'Bout ship there; you're steering to get the weatherage of us, boatswain.

(*Music ceases. — Winky regards Vanderdecken with downright awe.*)

Win. Ja! but vos das possible?

Van. What possible?

Win. You vos there—(*Points to where Vanderdecken stands*)—and you vos there.

(*Points to cabin into which Schriften has gone.*)

Van. Absurd!

Win. Ja! but das vos so.

Van. What are you talking about? I'm—

Win. Der teufel! Ven you vos up you shall be up, and ven you vos down you shall be down.

(*Nods, and points below.*)

Van. Take care that you are not down too, boatswain, for I see the ship's steward has set the cannikin adrift.

Win. I will swear, "Gottam," mit mein two eyes I saw mein capitaine in two places at von time.

Van. Optical delusion, Winky; when we take the grog on board we generally see "double." Brante wein and schiedam have been making a ghost-parlour of your top rigging. Dowse your figure-head in a bucket of salt water, and I'll warrant me you'll report yourself differently.

Win. Ja! your honours, I shall take der water mit something better than salt in it. (*Speaking aside.*) I shall now belief vos mein messmates do say, that der Flying Deitchman is von ghost-sheep, and das Mynheer Beelzebub is der commander.

[*Exit, R.*]

Van. If I were to give credence to the assertions of this phlegmatic Hollander, Winky Boss, I should certainly believe that not only I but myself are on board this vessel—or, more properly speaking, that, like the hero of some ancient legend, I

have a familiar or spirit, who directs by some mysterious agency, our minds, our thoughts, our actions.

Kakel. Why, Captain Vanderdecken, this is positively superstition.

Van. Call it by what name you will, mynheer, I must confess I am either a visionary or a fool. In *boyhood*, I remember, I was always deluded by an old woman's tale, and oh, with what delight would I listen to marvellous stories concerning ghosts and apparitions, told as they usually were by the old Gothic chimney, with the furze and vine-branch crackling!

Schoon. And in *manhood*, Captain Vanderdecken, it would appear that you have not changed.

Van. No, truly, I have still a gift of imagination—all illusion and poesy. The wind as it plays among the topmasts; the hollow roaring of the surge as it dashes against the vessel; the flashing of the lightning; the thunder-peal, have ever their signification for me.

Kakel. Really, yours must be a pitiable condition.

Schoon. Pitiable, indeed, for one who shows himself so daring on all other occasions.

Van. But trifling apart, there is one thing certain, mynheeren, and that is, that some extraordinary event is taking place on board the *Dutchman*.

Schoon. It is the common rumour.

Kakel. Yes, there is not an assemblage of two or more of the seamen, but it forms the topic of their conversation.

Van. Some indulgence, mynheeren, if you please. You seem inclined to laugh at the circumstance; it induces me to think. You may remember I have given orders that my cabin should remain closed. You will probably wonder why I have given those orders?

Schoon. I cannot account for them.

Officers. Nor can we.

Van. I shall not ask myself whether last night that I dreamed, or that the wild vagaries of fancy deceived my optic nerves; but I feel assured there was some beautiful figure leaning over my pillow!

Kakel. This must be some phantasy.

Van. No, mynheer, it is not phantasy; for I felt as keenly as ever I felt in my life, a warm breathing on my cheek, and caught the sound of a suppressed sigh, which sound has more than once before haunted my slumbers.

Schoon. Then, Captain Vanderdecken, if you will permit, we will at once seek to root out this mystery, and should we meet in our pursuits any of the spirits that have disturbed you, we'll send them back post-haste to the fiend, from whom, probably, they derive existence.

Kakel. Suppose we commence our enterprise by an examination of the captain's cabin itself. (*Lightning.*) Ah! that looks like a storm! Well, storm and darkness are not out of place in the present instance, and form an adjunct to our pleasurable excitement.

Van. As the cabin is *mine*, let me be the first to enter it. You will be pleased to follow me, mynheeren. (*Opens the door of the cabin—the interior is totally dark.*) Bring a light forward! I can scarcely see—'tis so dark. Ah!

(*Vanderdecken starts on touching some one.*)

Schoon. What's the matter?

Van. I have touched some one!

Schoon. Are you certain?

Van. Look, and judge for yourselves!

(*As Vanderdecken speaks, a flash of lightning vividly exposes Estelle sleeping on her couch.*)

Omnes. A woman!

Van. Gracious heavens! 'tis Estelle Spiegelhalter, the shipowner's daughter! I thought the days of miracles had passed, but it seems by this that they have only gone to return! I can brave the elements as well as any man, but I confess that an event like this appals me! (*Approaches Estelle.*) Have no fear, mademoiselle, but speak freely. How came you here?

Kakel. She does not answer.

Van. No; she appears in a heavy sleep. Will it be prudent, think you, to wake her?

(*Estelle, in her dream, attempts to speak, but can only utter a low murmur.*)

Kakel and the others approach the couch as the light which Vanderdecken has called for is brought in by PIETER STRUYS. The glare of the light affects Estelle, and she conceals her eyes and face with her hands.)

Van. Take back the light—the glare is painful to her! Don't tremble—you are with friends!

(*Estelle partially rises, and fixes her eyes on Vanderdecken, then relapses into a stupor, and drops again on the couch. Vanderdecken is about to arouse her.*)

Pieter. (*Stopping Vanderdecken.*) Your pardon, captain, but you must not arouse her yet.

Van. And why not, pray?

Pieter. Because I suspect she has been drugged, in order to be brought surreptitiously on board this vessel. I'm an old sailor, your honour, and have met with a case or two of this sort in India. They've a powerful opiate in those parts that performs all the offices a rascal can require of it, and its effects can only be destroyed by using an antidote of a similar deadly nature. If you will confide in me, I think such means are at hand, and in the turning of a handspike, I guess, the young lady will be able to report herself properly to you.

Van. I am glad to hear you say so, my good fellow, for I am most anxious to find out the culprit in this nefarious business. Should he be on board this ship, may I never sail in smooth waters: again if I don't make an example of him!

Pieter. (*Aside to Vanderdecken.*) The ruse has succeeded admirably. No one for a minute suspects you. You must be liberal, skipper, for this!

(*Goes into Estelle's cabin, closing the doors after him.*)

Van. (*To himself.*) Liberal for this! Hang the lubber, what does he mean? Oh, I suppose he thinks it's a *liaison* of mine. I'd bring him back with a round turn now, but for these mynheeren. (*Indicates officers.*) They are ever prone to suspicion, and would enjoy a laugh vastly at my expense. (*To officers.*) You see, the mystery of the suppressed sighs, and the vision of my slumber is explained after all, and that in this, as in all other matters, there is really no such thing as enchantment—a natural cause and nothing more. Ha, ha, we men

daily, more or less, set up for ourselves a phantom, and end by fighting with the shadow.

(During the past dialogue the lightning has been vivid and frequent, and a storm has come on, and now a crash resembling the report of artillery is heard. The crash seems to cause every timber in the vessel to shake.)

Van. (Starting.) That's not one of Jove's thunderbolts, but nevertheless, some missile as destructive and appalling.

Enter JANSEN, hurriedly, and breathless, R.

What is now happening, Jansen?

Jan. Quick, captain, or it will be all over with us; unship the boats without a moment's delay—put to sea, unless it's to be a short trip to Davy Jones!

Van. Speak out plainly, in a moment of suspense like this we can't go to half tack; Let me know the worst!

Jan. Then it's this, skipper—some man, or devil, has reached the port-hole, and snapped the chain that held it. The booming waters are gushing furiously in, and deeper down with every roar is the ship descending.

Van. All hands on deck! pipe to quarters, and man the boats!

(Music till Act.—The crew, with cries of terror, rush on in consternation. All is hurry-scurry as they commence to launch the small boats. Order is returned on Vanderdecken speaking as follows:

Van. Steady, my lads, steady, recollect your own safety is in your own hands; danger is overcome by prudence and firmness, no tumult, now—no precipitation. Officers, to your posts, see that each sailor does his duty, and shoot the first one who disobeys orders; in this terrible emergency Philip Vanderdecken exacts discipline, and will be the last man that quits the Flying Dutchman.

(The gangs are called. The boats are manned, provisioned, and launched with strict man-o-war discipline. Vanderdecken is the last man on the vessel, and as he is about to step into his boat to leave it, a scream is heard proceeding from the cabin.)

Van. The voice of Estelle! (Suddenly calling her to his mind.) Madman! in my selfish haste, I had forgotten her. Ah! the door of the cabin is fastened!—my key!—lost!—no matter, I'll soon find one!

(Seizes an iron bar left on the deck, and shivers, at a blow, the cabin door. ESTELLE rushes out of the cabin and throws herself into the arms of Vanderdecken.)

Est. Save me! Save me!

Van. Aye, that I will, Estelle, and at the risk of my own life. Eh!—Why, she has fainted, poor girl—she is exhausted by terror and emotion—rest on my shoulder, then—we are desolate—desperate but we have the hearts of human beings, and we must act up to them whatever be the upshot. (Carries Estelle to the side of the vessel.) Ah! the boats have been carried, by the force of the current, away from the vessel. They cannot reach us! Nor we them! My eyes will burst—my brain will madden—I cry for help where no help can come! (Kneels.) Heaven, listen to the seaman's

prayer, and save us from the gulf that threatens us!

(The waves cover the deck of the Flying Dutchman. Vanderdecken bearing Estelle ascends to the roof of the cabin—The water is reaching this point, and the whole vessel sinking as the Act Drop falls. WINKY BOSS, lashed to a barrel, appears buffeting the waves.—N.B.—Hurricane, thunder, and lightning towards the close of the Act.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Dutch settlement in Hottentot Holland—Picturesque and tropical country.—Kaffirs, Hottentots, male and female, discovered. Some of the shipwrecked crew of the Flying Dutchman bargaining with them. JANSEN is seen R., with a small keg slung under his arm. PIETER STRUYS, with a bag of biscuits, L. WINKY BOSS sitting on a trunk, C., smoking.—A hut, L. C.

Pieter. So, at last, Davy Jones has got the good ship, the Flying Dutchman.

Jan. Aye, and some bold hearts with her, Mynheer Struys, for with the exception of yourself, the captain, the Lady Estelle, and eight others, all the crew have perished, either on land, or in the water.

Win. Ja! dere lips are wet enough mit her salt waters—they shall never open them again for you leetle drop; and sapperment! I was vithin you rope's end of not opening mein own mouths again.

(Drinks from the keg Jansen offers him.)

Jan. Aye, aye! but we are not likely now to founder again, seeing as how we have steered into clear water, and who knows but there's a fair wind springing up that will blow us into some snug harbour.

Pieter. I hope so, for what are we to do in this wilderness with a woman hanging on us?

Win. Oh, don't you afraid yourself! Der young ladys, Estelle, shall cheer up pretty vell. She is among mens vos shall be sailors every inch, and der Hottentots are von mild and inoffensive peoples.

Pieter. Apparently so.

Win. Ja! but das is so; and I believe Providence has shown its mercy only because we haf der poor young girls mit us!

Pieter. Well, my hearties, I believe every man here means well to Mademoiselle Spiegelhalter; but meaning and doing are not the same thing. You must recollect, we are here in a strange country, without rudder or compass. I propose to steer for the clearest part of the forest, and find a track to the Governor's house.

Win. Ja! we shall top our booms at vonce!

Pieter. No, Wiuky; you and the others had better remain with the pretty "pinnacle" yonder. (Points to hut, L. C.) She's hardly strong enough yet to weather a gale, and I may be taking anything but a smooth voyage. You say these "niggers" are good. So they may be; but I know the "Kafres" are cruel, and I don't care about falling in with them with a petticoat in convoy.

Jan. I see, Pieter, there may be danger, and it may come upon us before we are aware of it, as such is the case. You had better sail alone to find out the Governor of the colony, while we stay here with the young lady, where we are perfectly safe.

Win. Bless her heart! she ain't afraid; und every oder heart vish her so well as I do; so go your ways!—mynheer, go your ways!

[Retires with others.]

Pieter. (Aside and turning to go out.) Let me see—I have it safe. (Takes a letter from his canvas wallet.) The captain's letter to the governor. He told me to deliver it, answer no questions, and then meet him at a place called the "Long Kloof" at the foot of the mountain. What's in the wind now, I wonder? Secrecy and mystery seem a weakness with Mynheer Vanderdecken; but there! he pays me well, and sees me out of every difficulty. So it is not for me to question his motives.

[Exit.—Lively Indian Music—Laughter and chattering heard.]

Win. Ja! vos is das?

Jan. A sample of Hottentot beauty come to pay us a visit. They have only just heard of our arrival in the colony, and probably some of them have never seen Europeans before, so come to have a stare at the "white wonders."

Win. Ja! then I shall run away.

Jan. What—with one of the plump little creatures, eh?

Win. Nein—mit mein legs.

Jan. Nonsense! Stop and see some sport—here they come!

Enter YENKO, BLOWSKA, MOODER, and Hottentot Women.—They embrace the Sailors with savage innocence.—The Sailors receive them kindly.—Music ceases.

Krantz. Black, brown, or fair.

(Caressing Blowska.)

Jan. The soothers of our care.

(Caressing Mooder.)

Yen. (Admiring Winky.) Ah! what form dis? Are you a man?

Win. (Pause.) Ja! true flesh and bloods.

Yen. What harmony in his voice, too! What a shape!

Win. (Regarding the rotundity of his figure.) Ja! but das vos so. Why, mein frauclen, you speak our language as well—as well as I does?

Yen. Iss!

Win. Der tenfel—how did you learn him?

Yen. From strange man—him tumble out of big boat many moons ago—him teachy Yenke!

Win. Ja, Yenke! und vos das mans like me, round and handsome?

Yen. No; all brown and shrivel!

Win. Ja, Yenke! he shall be von old sailor—all grey and white hair.

Yen. Iss, berry white—when him go to bed him put him head in him pocket.

Win. Verdammt! then he vorre von vig. And vas else shall der Jan Tar teach you?

Yen. He teachy me to put red hot grass in de long white stick, and go—puff! puff!

Win. Ja! he shall teach you to smoke, too. Das is goot—I shall smoke meinself.

(Re-lights his pipe.)

Yen. Iss, if you like.

(Takes Winky's pipe and smokes.)

Win. (Looking vacantly.) Ja! but das vos so!

(Yenke returns the pipe.) Das is better nor goot. (Smokes and pauses.) And vos shall become of der Jan Tar?

Yen. Make him my chum-chum!

Win. Chum-chum!

Yen. He marry me, and then—

Win. Vos!

Yen. Hedio—de Kafres eat him up one day.

Win. Donder! Dey shall have no stomachs.

Yen. You be my chum-chum?

Win. Vell, ven dey shall eat me, I shall disagree mit them, and dey shall be bilions for de rest of deir lives.

Yen. You! no! you no be killed—you no be eateu—you no die—Yenke will fight for you.

Win. Poor thing! she shall not be used to der civilized society. Dere der womans fight mit der mans, and not for der mans.

DUET.—WINKY AND YENKO.

Yen. White man, neber go away.

Win. Tell me why you need me?

Yen. Oh, stay with your Yenke, stay.

Win. Will my Yenke feed me?

Yen. Cold moons are coming in,

You shall go to griere me,

I'll wrap you in de leopard's skin.

Win. Den Yenke, I shan't leaf ye.

Yen. And when all de sky is blue,

Win. Der sun shall make varm weathers—

Yen. Me catch you a cockatoo,

Win. Und dress me mit de feathers.

Yen. But if it cold—if it hot—

You shall not go to griere me,

Win. Mein Yenke nein shall be forgot—

Mein Yenke, I won't leaf ye.

(Winky and Yenke dance off, and VANDERDECKEN appears on an eminence at sky, with a gun over his shoulder, and some dead birds in his hand.—He descends eminence, and comes forward.)

Van. The sky is blue, the air fresh, the bird sings, and the bee hums—of a verity, the country we have anchored in is a paradise. How beautiful is nature even in her solitude and savageness, and the apparent desert yields as many treasures as the cultivated soil. There is no lack of fish in these waters, and the wild fowl of the wood are countless. I had only to raise my gun to my shoulder, fire, and down came this bevy at my feet. (Holds the birds in his hand up.) They will furnish a dainty meal for Mademoiselle Spiegelhalter. When I left her this morning, her pretty headlights had a sorry look-out, and she was still crying. Hang it, she mustn't whimper, or she'll lose all her strength before I can get her clear off this strange coast.

(Vanderdecken advances to hut, L. C.—The rude kind of curtain of skins, by which the interior of the hut has been concealed from the audience, is drawn up and ESTELLE is discovered lying on a couch formed of the leaves of the palmetto. Two black girls are fanning her. Vanderdecken lays down the gun and birds he has brought with him, and advances to regard Estelle.)

Van. Yes, she looks better, and life's hoisting the red flag in her face. Come, cheer up, mademoiselle, the roaring sea hasn't been so cruel to

us, after all, for we are drifted into a friendly port.

Est. (Half slumbering.) Where—where are we?

Van. Safe on shore, and not far from some of our own countrymen. Heaven, in its mercy, has ordained that we should be carried to a Dutch colony.

Est. But what is to become of us here? We are alone—they are strangers—no one will care for us.

Van. Stop, mademoiselle. I see you are going to faint again; don't, because I am not one of those who carry aromatic vinegar and salts about me. I have only good wishes and kindness, and, donder, if they will serve the purpose, you shall have plenty of them.

Est. (As if recollecting.) Ah!—the Flying Dutchman—you are Captain Vanderdecken?

Van. Aye, mademoiselle, and a more unlucky dog-fish never sailed into water. I hope that you don't for one moment think that I had any hand in bringing you on board that ill-fated vessel. Perhaps it isn't right for me at the present moment to bring up the circumstance, but I only mention it that you may take my word, when I say I'm an honest fellow, and will never do you any harm.

Est. (Rising.) Perhaps, mynheer, you speak truly. Providence has saved us for its own wise purpose, and I will endeavour to sustain myself that I may be worthy of its aid.

Van. That's a brave lass—I beg pardon, mademoiselle, I should have said lady. You'll excuse the rough honesty of a sailor, I know, and especially as I have taken you in tow, and mean to bear you into safe water, unless I founder myself!

Est. You seem destined to be my guardian angel now, and yet when on board the vessel, I confess I experienced terror at the terrible words to which you gave utterance.

Van. Oh, mademoiselle! you mustn't take heed of them—a seaman ashore and afloat is two different beings. As to my being your guardian angel, I fancy I'm rather too rough in the feather for one of that craft; but I'm blowing great guns, and angel or devil, you needn't be afraid of me. I hear the Governor of the colony hoists his flag not two leagues from this place. I've sent a trusty messenger to him, with a letter detailing our misfortunes, and I have no doubt when he receives the letter he will come here in a jiffy. *(Aside.)* By the way, he ought to have arrived before this—the distance is nothing; I could have travelled it in a fourth of the time. *(Suddenly, as if struck with an idea.)* Ah! I wonder if the rascal has been treacherous?

Est. You are muttering to yourself, as though you apprehended danger. Is there any danger?

Van. No, a passing thought, nothing more; but I am forgetting that you have fasted since yesterday—before we weigh anchor, we'll eat a bit.

Est. No—no, I cannot touch food.

Van. What! not even the wing of a bird of my own killing? Here, Twankey *(addressing one of the black attendants)*, just put a brace down to the fire, and see if we cannot tempt the young lady's appetite.

Est. Don't you think, Captain Vanderdecken, that if your messenger should not shortly return that we had better endeavour to reach the quarters of the Governor by ourselves?

Van. (Aside.) Bless her heart! she don't seem afraid of me now—all along she's been so timorous and suspicious, that I had my doubts whether by some means or other I hadn't brought about her "enlèvement," and that her removal to the Flying Dutchman was the work of my own hands. *(Puts his arm around her waist, and then suddenly withdraws it with a sigh.)* Ugh!

Est. What's the matter?

Van. Nothing, my dear lady! I've bruised my arm in the wreck, and have given it a bit of a twitch!

Est. (Tenderly.) Oh, if you should be hurt, if you should die here—alone!

Van. Oh, I don't mean to die, at all events, not till you are anchored in safety.

Est. I was not thinking of myself.

Van. What, for me? Donder and blitzen, you've cured my arm—but there, you are weeping again! don't—don't let your tears fall like sharp-shot into my heart; let me wipe them off, sweet Estelle.

(Vanderdecken approaches as if to kiss Estelle, her look and action arrest him; he starts with self-reproach.)

Van. (Confused.) I ask your forgiveness, Mademoiselle Spiegelhalter, that is my pretty Estelle, I have no doubt you think me a grampus, a shark, but Philip Vanderdecken will be a brother to you.

Est. (Looking at Vanderdecken steadfastly.) I believe it! I trust myself to you, and without fear! There is my hand!

Van. (Taking it.) And when I betray that trust, may I be punished as a scoundrel deserves. *(March heard.)* Ah, from the promontory I perceive a party of the Cape military force are approaching!

Est. 'Tis the Governor you expected.

Van. Yes, he is no doubt kindly disposed, and we will receive him courteously.

CORNELIUS RICHTER, POOTS, FATHER SEYSEN, and SOLDIERS enter, R. U. E.—*Music ceases.*

Rich. Poots, examine this person, and let me hear what he has to say for himself!

Poots. Ja, mynheer! *(To Vanderdecken.)* Name?

Van. Philip Vanderdecken!

Poots. Country?

Van. I am of the Low Countries!

Poots. Profession, trade, or calling?

Van. I am a sea-captain, and in the service of Mynheer Spiegelhalter, of Saardam!

Poots. How did you come here?

Van. The vessel I commanded was wrecked, or—

Poots. Stop! Don't lose sight of the main point, or prevaricate! Whom do you know here?

Van. No one!

Poots. What property have you?

Van. None!

Poots. I thought so! A clear case of fraud—an attempt to rob the colonial exchequer by representing—

Van. Stop, sir! I have answered your questions, be good enough, now, to answer mine! By whose authority do you, a servant of the State, dare insult an inoffensive Dutchman who merely requires that protection his flag should afford him?

Rich. Come, come, young gentleman, let us indulge in no flights of fancy here—no outbursts, if you please. The simple truth shall meet atten-

tion—all the rest is loss of time. Your statement, as far as it goes at present, is in strict accordance with truth—in fact, I have had advice of it already!

Van. Indeed, Governor, but how is it possible that—

Rich. One moment, if you please. First, tell me how it is I find this lady in your company?

Van. Well, Governor, it's a long story, and it would certainly puzzle me to tell how she really came on board the Flying Dutchman!

Rich. A mystery, eh? (*Turning to Estelle.*) And now, mademoiselle, I must have a word or two to say to you. I presume you will admit that it was highly imprudent on your part to quit Holland, and embark in one of your own father's vessels with an adventurer, who—

Van. This is beyond endurance! Assail me if you will, Governor! I, probably, may treat your malicious insinuations with the contempt they merit, but dare to offer any affront to the young lady, and, by the heaven above us, I'll cut you down as I would an Algerine, though you were twenty times a governor!

Est. Do not act with rashness, for my sake.

Van. Don't be alarmed, mademoiselle; I'm not going to lose my temper again. I won't quarrel—I'll be civil. Donder! how I should like to give that other fellow and the Governor a drubbing?

Rich. I will further interrogate Estelle Spiegelhalter.

Est. My name!

Rich. Yes; as I have already told you, I am perfectly acquainted with your own and your companion's history. You were affianced to one Mynheer Frederick Desteveen. I never approved of the match; in fact, I have used my best endeavours to break it off, and at last it appears I am likely to succeed.

Est. And why, may I ask, mynheer, do you interfere in a matter in which I and the gentleman whose name you have been pleased to mention are only concerned?

Rich. A motive of interest—interest, the strongest tie which human nature knows. Frederick Desteveen is my nephew—his mother my sister. We are allied by blood to one of the most illustrious families in Portugal, and I cannot consent to an alliance that would bring discredit on the house of our ancestors.

Est. Can what he asserts be true?

Rich. Every word of it. Now, mademoiselle, knowing how matters stand, I trust you will not be perverse; and I beg, at the same time, that you will show no disposition to thwart my wishes. Should you do so, I may be compelled to proceed to extremities.

Est. Would you dare?

Rich. Dare! you forget the powers of a governor in a Dutch colony; they are those of a provost-marshal. He has only to hold up his finger to the authorities, and they bend as the poor Hottentot bends to his idol. (*Aside to Estelle.*) Mademoiselle, we have swamps here—miasma and fever carry off all the refractory settlers sent to them; fortresses made by the hand of nature in the Drakenstein mountains, that do not re-echo injuries or injustice; a holy Inquisition, who might inquire into certain unholy doings of one Captain Vanderdecken. He might be denounced, abandoned to the torture, and eke his accomplice, the obdurate Estelle Spiegelhalter—

Est. (*Aside.*) If I consent, time may do much—

Rich. But you will find, mademoiselle, I am neither harsh nor ungenerous. If I intend robbing you of one husband, I shall present you with another. What say you to Mynheer Vanderdecken?

Est. Vanderdecken! I esteem him, but am afraid—

Van. That you cannot love him. Well, mademoiselle, there need be no surprise expressed at that; if you have given your whole heart to one man, another can't expect to share it.

Est. No; Frederick Desteveen was my affianced, rather than my chosen husband—our marriage—a marriage of interest, not affection—therefore to you, Philip Vanderdecken, who has been the servant of Providence in my trials, I must still look for guidance.

Van. Mademoiselle, your words go to my heart, but they awaken me to my duty. It is plain that the wicked prevail here, and that a human creature is proving more cruel to you than the raging elements. I see but one way of escape for you. You must become my wife, and may I live to be in every way worthy of you.

Est. (*Musing.*) Terror is again taking possession of me.

Van. (*Catching Estelle as she staggers.*) Nay, nay; don't turn away from me, my lass. When Frederick Desteveen knows the cruel circumstances, he will not blame you.

Rich. You are silent, mademoiselle! Ah! perhaps I have been unhappy in my choice—shall I elect that you wed one of my people?

Poots. (*Stepping forward.*) Ja, mynheer!

Est. (*Recoiling.*) No; anything but that. (*Rushing into the arms of Vanderdecken.*) Vanderdecken, fate ordains it—I am your wife!

Rich. Let the marriage take place at once, then. Father Seysen is here to join your hands together, and a chapel stands in the valley of the Long Kloof.

(*Tableau as the priest advances—he half withdraws his cowl, and discovers the features of Schriften.*)

SCENE II.—*A Dingle, with overhanging trees (in the 1st Grooves.) WINKY BOSS, and YENKO appear, R.—They pass through the trees and come forward.*

Win. Ja, Yenke! When I shall find my way back to Holland, you shall be part of der travelling baggage, and when ve shall get dere, you shall haf von great house, and der decent clothing—for I shall not approve of der fashionable female costume of dis country.

Yen. Iss; you dress me, Winky. I shall wear de leopard skin for de winter, and de feathers for de summer.

Win. Sapperment—den you shall look like von valking hammercloth at der Christmas, and der upright shuttlecock in der dog days. Nein, nein, dese clothes shall not do for Amsterdam—there I shall take you.

Yen. Ah! You large man—there?

Win. Ja! I shall be heavier—donder, der tropics does not suit me, and I shall lose ten pounds of flesh by the varm veathers—but stop, I shall marry you; but, before I shall marry you, I shall not forget von material point. You are von widow, you say?

Yen. Iss!

Win. Den, sapperment! you shall may have vos dey call "encumbrances."

Yen. Dat good to eat?

Win. Donder! dese peoples thinks of noting else but dere stomachs. Der Kafres, she says, shall eat her husband, and she shall seem inclined to swallow her own family.

Yen. Family! What that?

Win. Der family is der encumbrances—der childers.

Yen. Der childers?—de piccanninies?

Win. Ja! haf you got vons?

Yen. One—two—three—four! Hoki—Poki—Woski—Fum!

(Four Black Children run on, &c., and dance about Winky.)

Win. Four! Das vas four too many. Yenke, you shall live and I shall live in der state of single blessedness!

Yen. You—no marry Yenke?

Win. Der marriage is von solemm thing, and I shall not take upon mein own shoulders von other man's responsibilities. (Points to the children.)

Yen. (Crying.) You no love Yenke?

Win. Ja! but das vas so! (Kisses Yenke.)

Yen. Yenke want none of your kisses.

Win. Sapperment! den I shall take them back again!

(Winky offers to kiss Yenke.—The report of musketry heard.—Yenke and her four children run out, screaming, &c.)

Win. Sapperment! that shall be der discharge of der firelocks. Vos is in der viind now, I vonders?

(JANSON and some SEAMEN are discovered passing through the trees, L.—Jansen comes forward to Winky as the others go out.)

Jan. (Calling after them.) Keep your weather-eye open. We have traced them here. They can only get out by the one outlet, and that is too well guarded to allow them to pass through it without discovery—eh, Winky?

Win. Ja! but das vos so!

Jan. Donder, mynheer! You are capering here with the Hottentots while the whole country is ringing with an outcry.

Win. Ja! das smart, tight, black-eyed fraulein, Yenke shall be struck mit mein figure.

Jan. Oh, never mind your figure, or your other accomplishments, for I take it, that now you won't have much time to trifle on women. Mayhap you don't know what has just happened!

Win. Ja, I was about to put mein head in der lion's mouth—but sapperment!—I shall draw it back again. Winky Boss is von prudent man, und he shall not take vos does not belong to him—der four childers belongs to some von else, so I shall not take them, nor dere moder neither.

Jan. Donder, you are talking about splicing the mainbrace—the skipper has done so.

Win. Verdammt! but vos das so?

Jan. Yes, I tell you, Captain Vanderdecken has married mademoiselle, not an hour ago, and a pretty kettle of fish they have made of it.

Win. (Meaningly after a pause.) Mynheer Jansen, shall you see some green in mein eye?

Jan. I tell you what it is, Mynheer Bo'sen, if you give me the lie, you may find some black about it.

Win. (Vacantly.) Ja! he vos mads. You shall

tell me that der skipper Mynheer Vanderdecken, vos marriet von hour ago—sapperment!—von hour ago I shall meet him near der Long Kloof.

Jan. I never saw him looking better than he did on his wedding morning—he was in excellent health and spirits.

Win. When I shall see him his face vos so white as von sheet of paper.

Jan. He was more courteous than on ordinary occasions.

Win. Ja—he shall tell me to go to the teufel, and get out of der vay—verdammt—der captain is von goot man when he shall be himself, but he shall not be so when he shall be somebody else.

Jan. I say, Winky, you may remember—there was a mystery on board ship about the captain, we fathomed that, and why not this?—sailors who can do so much on water ought to be able to do a little on land. What if we try to make the discovery ourselves?

Win. Ja! when ve shall find it out.

Jan. But I haven't made all the soundings yet. I've told you as how the captain got spliced, but I haven't told you the circumstances which attended the ceremony—it's a long yarn, so as time's precious, I'll reduce it to bibles and bobs. Old Spintext, that's the parson, has tied the knot, you see, and we were on the point of leaving the altar, when up came some one as if to forbid the banus—

Win. Der teufel!

Jan. No, it wasn't, though he grinned like one, and came pop upon the bridal party with a regular jog trot. The skipper was taken too much aback to say anything, and his bride, of course, melted as fast as a pot of pomatum.

Win. Ja! she shall faint.

Jan. On the instant, as if by magic, the torches were extinguished, and the gloomy building, with those within it, were left in total darkness.

Win. Donder! den they shall see nothing?

Jan. The skipper by this time had, of course, found his voice. He called upon us to close the doors, and let no one pass till he had got a light.

Win. Ja! he had his "amadou." Nein Deitchman shall be mitout der amadou and der flint in his breeches pocket.

Jan. But when the light was brought, neither bride nor bridegroom were to be seen. Both had vanished, and, it is supposed, by some mysterious agency; but I am not to be cajoled by any lingo of that sort. The captain has been kidnapped. He is only flesh and blood—and if, as I imagine, I saw him enter this dingle, why, he'll come out of it as sharply as he came into it. Then heave ahead, Winky, and bear a hand in the search.

[Exit, L.]

Win. Der mens say that von man cannot be in two places at von time, unless he be der teufel. If Mynheer Vanderdecken is here, as Jansen shall say, and somewhere else, as I shall say—den, mein Got! Mynheer Vanderdecken must be der—

(Pause.) I shall go to the "Long Kloof."

[Lights his pipe, and goes out very leisurely, L.]

SCENE III.—*The Vortex of the Long Kloof, commonly called "The Devil's Hoof."*

The first two wings represent the continuation of a cavern.—Down the back a range of basaltic rocks, extending from the flies to the stage, 3 E. R. H., from the summit of which falls a sheet of real water into a basin or natural reservoir; this reservoir extends across stage from L. to R.—A precipitous flight of steps arching across the stream, leads from the stage to the range of rocks at back.—An ascent of rocks runs up L., breaking off in a half arch over the water, to communicate with a rudely-slung draw-bridge from R. to C.—Part of a boat seen among some reeds in the foreground.—Music to bring on SCHRIFTEN, who appears on the rocks, R.—He hurls a spiked torch which he carries in his hand, into the ground, lets down the draw-bridge, and PIETER STRUYS appears following Schriften.—When the latter has let down the bridge, Pieter Struys carries on his shoulder the fainting form of ESTELLE.

Schrijf. Be cautious, Pieter, till I have fixed the torch and brought down a light. The bridge is narrow, and you may slip into the water in the dark.

(Pieter Struys crosses the bridge cautiously, and advances with Estelle and Schriften. Pieter Struys lays Estelle gently on a bank of rock, and Schriften regards her.)

Schrijf. How fair! how beautiful! There seems to be magic in her shape that rivets me to the spot, and bids me play no longer the monster! What might I not have been had the pure light of love shone on me before I embarked in crime! We are here, Estelle, alone. You are in my power, yet I cannot harm you. I am triumphant, yet your slave—despised, branded, hunted, yet bending to virtue.

Pieter. These words, mynheer?

Schrijf. No doubt surprise you. Make no wonder of them, for we are not always what we seem—good or evil. We appear but as nature has formed us. There is no faith—no trusting in mankind. The adder basks in the sunbeam—the hemlock raises its head with the summer rose.

Pieter. Conscience, then, will not hang you, mynheer; and if, as you say, you mean well to the young lady, why such good intentions are an armour against the knocks of fortune.

Schrijf. She will be better soon, I hope, and happier than ever.

Pieter. But you are forgetting, mynheer, the danger that surrounds us. The woods are filled with ferocious animals, and our own countrymen are pursuing us closely.

Schrijf. Yes, and man is a keen hunting animal, Pieter. There is no prey he follows with such zest as his fellow man. I will revisit the mouth of this chasm, and give you warning if any stragglers are exploring the neighbourhood—be vigilant until my return:

[Crosses bridge, and goes out.]

Pieter. I have asked myself more than once whether I have acted wisely in joining this enterprise. I sometimes wonder whether I have not dealings with some spirit of darkness—so extraordinary and miraculous do the doings of Mynheer Vanderdecken seem—then I wonder how I can be so weak-minded, and suffer imagination to bewilder and delude me. *(Regards Estelle.)* Yes, she will be a

safe prisoner here. No escape for her save by yonder wild staircase of slippery rocks. *(Points to ascent, L.)* Tradition says that once a negro slave bore off his master's daughter from this cavern up that ascent, and—

Est. *(Has risen from the bank.)* Is this reality? Am I awake? Is it not some horrid dream? Speak, speak, some one! What does all this mean? Tell me the truth!

Pieter. The circumstances of your abduction, madame, can be better explained by Captain Vanderdecken than—

Est. Why has he left me? Why is he not here?

Pieter. He has departed to obtain assistance, and—

Est. It is singular he should leave me in a strange place, and with a strange man. Which path did he take? I will follow him.

Pieter. Madame, you must not.

Est. Must not! And why?

Pieter. I am simply obeying the captain's orders.

Est. Stop, sirrah! it is evident you are attempting to deceive me. Your trick to detain me is too shallow; the bird once caught, and once escaping, grows wiser.

Pieter. I do not deserve these doubts, madame.

Est. I see a boat lying among the entangled weeds. If there be no egress from this place, it will at least serve me to quit it. This torrent and stream no doubt fall into the Kromme river.

Pieter. Yes, madame. *(Aside.)* This circumstance has happened most opportunely. While she is allured by this senseless means of flight, I can draw up the bridge. I see mynheer in his hot haste has forgot to do so.

(Pieter Struys crosses the bridge, draws it up, and then retires into cavern, R.)

Est. *(Looking at the boat.)* No; flight by this boat is impossible—it is shattered, useless. It has belonged, no doubt, to some poor wretch, who has endeavoured to pass the torrent, and has perished in its down-gushing flood.

(Estelle pushes the reeds aside, and discovers VANDERDECKEN lying senseless in the stern of the boat.)

Est. Ah! can my eyes deceive me! Vanderdecken. *(He is aroused by the voice of Estelle, and partly raises himself up.)* He lives! he lives!

Van. *(In a delirium.)* Before I can reach the rocks the torrent will dash me against their rugged points. Yes, death surrounds me, and I shall perish! 'Tis hard to die: so suddenly to plunge from seeming happiness to that dark state the living soul trembles to contemplate.

Est. Is there no help—no succour—in this dreadful place? Must he die?

Van. No earthly power can save me; the water is lashing around the boat, and breaking her up.

Est. He raves. Could I but raise him in my arms?

(She raises Vanderdecken with great agitation, and leads him a few steps forward. He recovers slowly.)

Van. I am exhausted. The edges of the rocks have lacerated my flesh. I am bleeding—without strength. *(Feebly.)* Where am I? All here seems solemn—cheerless!

Est. But you are with Estelle. Look up, love!

Van. That voice!

Est. Yes; he knows me.

Van. *(Advancing.)* Yes, yes; but how came we here?

Est. Alas! I know not.

Van. (*Vaguely.*) No; it is no dream. I remember now. I was borne down yonder vortex by the whirlpool; the boat overshot the water; but I am safe now, safe—kind, preserving Providence! (*Confused.*) Yet I cannot understand, if not in a dream, how—

Est. His reason still wanders.

Van. Come, let us go; they will be surprised at our absence. By which path did you enter this place? Show it to me, and we will set forth at once.

Est. He is again bewildered.

Van. Why do you delay, Estella?

Est. The disclosure of the terrible truth will, I fear, further distract him; but it must be told. You forget, Philip, we are captives. The bridge was the only path across the flood, and that has been drawn up.

Van. (*Despondingly.*) And is there no other? (*Suddenly.*) Yes, I know of one! (*Musing.*) She was dragged by force here! What force? By whom? I seem to forget every incident of the past hour.

Est. Yes, Philip, you must remember. We were in the chapel—at the altar together.

Van. At the altar—together—yes!—(*aroused to reason*)—yes, I bring all to mind now—Estelle, my wife! Thank Heaven! I no longer rave. You know me, Estelle—do you not? Turn—look upon me—speak my name!

Est. Philip!

(*Lays her head upon his shoulder. He caresses her.*)

Van. Why do you tremble, dearest; he is with you, who loves you better than life itself—you are with one who would not harm you for the wide, wide world! You are silent! You are safe!—safe, did I say? No, Estelle; you are in danger, and the Creator, in His mercy, has guided me to this abyss.

(*Turns abruptly from her.—Music till the end of the act.*)

Est. Ah, Philip! would you leave me?

Van. But for a few moments.

Est. Where are you going?

Van. Do not ask me; I shall return soon. Yes, yes, 'tis heaven inspires me!

(*He glides from Estelle.*)

Est. I fear his delirium is returning. What is he about to do? He seems bent upon some dangerous undertaking. Ah!

(*As Estelle utters the exclamation, she observes Vanderdecken climbing the steep rock, L.*)

Est. Mercy, Philip! you are rushing on death! Those steps are not made for man's foot—the ear must be deaf to the roar of the water—the eye dim that looks down on the abyss! My brain is giddy at the mere thought! Philip! Philip! He is frantic still, and does not hear me! I dare not scream, lest I distract his wavering steps, and dash him headlong from the dizzy height to the chasm below.

(*Vanderdecken continues to ascend. He flutters from rock to rock, and pursues his upward course, holding by the reeds.*)

Est. I cannot pray, but must sport with my agony. One false step and he dies!

(*As Vanderdecken reaches the summit of the rock a fragment falls, crumbling from beneath his feet. He remains firmly on another, partly concealed by it. Estelle buries her face in her hands, and screams.*)

Est. I dare not look, yet the sight fascinates me. Death seems to have no terror for my eyes. (*Turns again to the rock.*) Ah! what do I see? Two men, the very semblance of each other, engaged in desperate conflict! The stronger forces the weaker to the earth—he intends to murder him! The one is Vanderdecken—the other—

Win. Der teufel!

(*WINKY, as he utters the word, has suddenly appeared at the mouth of the cavern. While Estelle has been speaking Vanderdecken has gained the summit of the rock; here he is met by SCHRIFTEN.—[This effect is managed by means of a double, who is dressed similar to Philip, and appears from behind the rock, L., when Philip makes the change of dress.]—A desperate struggle ensues between them. Vanderdecken is hurled over the rock, and Schriften stands triumphant on the highest point of the eminence.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Between decks of a Portuguese brig, the Nostra Senora da Monte.—Lights half down.*
Music.—PEDRO, GOMEZ, and WINKY BOSS discovered seated at a table, R. C., and playing at "Mournival, a Spanish game of cards. A cabin lamp suspended throws a light on the table.

Gomez. A paroli-sept, et le va—seven!

Win. Quinze, et le va—fifteen!

Pedro. A paroli-trente, et le va—thirty!

Gomez. Soixante, et le va—sixty!

Pedro. A knave! Ha, ha! you have lost ten doubloons, and—

Gomez. My temper! so I shall stop at this point. (*Throws his cards down.*)

Pedro. Diablo! Don't you play again?

Gomez. No; a maldetto on the game.

Pedro. Ma padre! if you are tired of this, Senor Gomez, we will give you your revenge in another! what say you to lansquenet, or Spanish whist?

Gomez. No; I have had enough of cards, they have been against me all the voyage, and it seems as if ill-luck were to follow me till I get to the end of it.

Win. Yah! But das vos so, ve vos all onlucky. Der day I shall join dis sheep's (ship's) company I shall break mein pipe, and lose my tobacco-box, and shall never see them since.

Pedro. (*Suddenly, as if in pain.*) Ugh, oh, ugh!—there it is again.

Win. Donner and blitzen, vos is der matter?

Pedro. Holy Saint Antonio, don't ask me, but give me the arrack. Ugh, oh, ugh!

(*A bottle is given to Pedro.—He keeps it to his mouth for some seconds, then draining the bottle, he holds it up.*)

Pedro. Salvador de Mundo! what a miraculous medicine have we here! But for this same arrack—

Win. You shall be food for der leetle fishes.

Pedro. Aye, dead as a herring! You have spoken of your troubles, senors, since sailing in the Nostra Senora da Monte, they sink into insignificance when compared with mine. I have suffered the agonizing torments of gout from the moment we weighed anchor.

Gom. Only three days out, too, when we had a chance of being beaten into tooth-picks, without a breeze to help us.

Win. (*Aside.*) Ven they shall know what I shall know, they shall say ve haf taken de tenfel on board und in tow—

Pedro. If we have not the arch-fiend on board this goodly ship, we have at least one of his imps—all saints protect us from harm. (*Crossing himself.*) Holy Saint Antoino, let me but rid myself of the demon, and I will offer up a hundred wax candles of three ounces each to the shrine of the Virgin.

Gom. But if this spirit of darkness exist here, by what means are we to distinguish him, for beyond all doubt he assumes the dress of one of the crew?

Pedro. No, he don't!

Win. Ah! you shall suspect someone, mynheer?

Pedro. Carambo, I do suspect someone!

Gom. Who can it be?

Pedro. Who but that sabled-visaged hidalgo who makes his appearance so mysteriously on all occasions. If he enters a cabin, the lights burn blue on the instant. Let a seaman light his "cigarro," and a flash of light-ning immediately follows the event. I only opened a bottle of Amontillado last night, and pop went a roll of thunder. (*Distant thunder.*) Eh! what's that, eh? *Thunder!* then I have strong suspicions that someone is opening another bottle, blessed be the holy saints, and particularly our worthy Saint Antonio, who has taken under his peculiar care the "Nostra Senora da Monte."

Gom. There is evidently great mystery attached to the person you have spoken of, senor. How did he get on board?

Win. (*Aside.*) Sapperment! no von shall know.

Gom. Is he a passenger?

Pedro. No; the only name on the passengers' list is that of a *protégé* of the Dutch governor, who is bound with us for Saardam, in Holland.

Gom. Can the agent give no information?

Pedro. No information whatever.

Gom. With due submission, then, senor, I submit that this inaccessible individual should at once minutely be examined.

Pedro. A happy thought, Senor Gomez. Saint Antonio has inspired you.

Win. Before you shall ask von question he shall answer it vith von blow.

Pedro. If the fellow doesn't speak, why, we must find some way of making him do so.

Win. Oh, he can speak, right well if he please not hold his tongue. (*Music tremulo.*)

Pedro. That being the case, my curiosity is aroused more than ever. Let me see this compound of good and evil at once, pass the word for his admission here.

[*Winky goes out, L., and thunder is heard.*]

Ah, thunder again!—is the malignant wretch recommencing his devilish tricks—ugh—oh—ugh!

Another twinge of the gout—that's ominous—pass the arrack—quick! (*Drinks.*) Holy Saint Antonio, I am better now—how potent and fortifying is the draught.

(*SCHRIFTEN is brought in by some Seamen and Winky, L.—Schriften wags them off, and boldly faces Pedro.—Music ceases.*)

Schrijf. By whose authority am I called here?

Pedro. (*Rather timorously.*) Mine!

Schrijf. (*Fiercely.*) Yours! Maldetto, you seem to forget that I am not one of your crew, senor. I am a foreigner, also—have a care that you do not bring yourself into trouble.

Pedro. Diabolo! you are speaking in an authoritative tone.

Schrijf. Yes; and the words come from the lips of a man wholly unsubservient to any control, save such as he pleases.

Pedro. I am lost in wonder!—amazement! Carambo, now will I give one thousand candles, of ten ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin, when I shall have delivered up—

Schrijf. What am I to infer from this indignity?

Pedro. That I have suspicion—more than suspicion—

Schrijf. Suspicion? Humph! I know that—

Pedro. Carambo! and how do you know that?

Schrijf. I know that, and much more, if I chose to tell it.

Pedro. Ah! you confess! We have now authority for seizing—

Schrijf. Fool! would you molest me? Have a care that I make not your ship one solid mass from keel to deck, and raise a gale heavy as sea can make it. (*Thunder and storm commences.*)

Pedro. Holy Saint Antonio! but sure enough a storm is coming on.

Gom. The work of this imp of darkness, no doubt.

Pedro. Yes. On him at once. (*To sailors, who don't appear very anxious to obey him.*) Don't you hear my orders? Forward, you scoundrels!—now's your time! Lay hold of him from behind. All at once, and beat down his guard.

(*The sailors secure Schrijf—he laughs a defiance.*)

Schrijf. Ha! ha! Senor Pedro! Well meant; but you fail to accomplish your object.

Pedro. What does the fellow say?

Schrijf. So you mean to destroy me?

Pedro. By Holy Saint Antonio, I do!

Schrijf. You will be sorry when it is too late.

Pedro. Sorry, eh? No; my only regret is that your malicious presence has again brought on my gout. Ugh! ho! ugh! Did mortal ever suffer such agony—the arrack—(*drinks*)—for such pain as I endure one could imagine that we had other fiends than this on board the good ship, the Nostra Senora da Monte.

Schrijf. Aye, senor; you speak truly there.

Pedro. Eh!—what? Do you mean to say that—

Schrijf. That there is a witch as well as a wizard on board this vessel.

Pedro. Holy Saint Antonio—but I thought so! I never experienced any trouble in all my life, but I have always discovered that a woman has been at the bottom of it.

Schrijf. Send for the lady—the Dutch governor's

protége—question her, and then you will find out to whom you must attribute your present trouble.

(Thunder.)

Pedro. Thunder!—commotion! Yes, that decidedly smacks of female influence; and notwithstanding the malignity of this fellow, I am induced, in the present instance, to believe that he is not *lying*. Pass the word for the lady to attend me here at once.

Win. Yah! I shall fetch der young vomans. She shall tell you all vot she do not know.

[Goes out, L.]

Pedro. Our saints could formerly do something for us in a dilemma like this, but now I would not give two ounces of gold for the whole calendar. As for Saint Antonio, he's a lazy old scoundrel! Eh! the gout's coming on again—ugh—oh—ugh!—let me have some arrack.

(Drinks.)

Enter ESTELLE, attended by WINKY, L.—She is pale and dejected, with eyes cast down.

Pedro. Carambol! but she is well favoured.

Win. Yah, but das is so!

Gom. The devil is delusive, you know, and we must resist his snares.

Pedro. Right, *Senor Gomez*; the loadstone will draw nails out of a door, and there be women with eyes strong as loadstones, that drag men to their perdition. (To *Estelle*.) Well, *senora*, I believe you are a young widow?

Est. I fear me, *senor*, you are but too well acquainted with my unfortunate husband's history.

Pedro. I cannot deny having heard somewhat to his disadvantage, but your own looks go far, I must in justice admit, to contradict evil reports.

Est. Place no faith in them, *senor*.

Pedro. Eh! that is something like an avowal of your own offences.

Est. I neither admit my faults nor deny them, *senor*.

Pedro. Am I to understand, then, that you uphold a resort to forbidden arts?

Est. If we have the power given us, we have a right to use it.

Schrf. You hear, *senor*. Have I spoken falsely or not, eh? Cast that woman adrift, and your ship will be saved; if not, it will be lost, and every soul on board.

(Thunder.)

Pedro. Holy Saint Antonio! but this seems right.

Gomez. Quite right, *senor*; the elements are even now speaking. She must leave the vessel.

Sailors. Aye, aye; our own safety demands it.

Est. Men! In mercy do not believe this wretch! The means he takes to destroy me are cruel and iniquitous. If I perish, all concerned in this unjust proceeding will have been guilty of murder.

Winky. Recollect, *mynheeren*, dat der accuser has openly acknowledged that he is no better than von vizard himself.

Sailors. Aye, aye; he has.

Winky. In seeking to punish von offence, we may commit von graver von.

Schrf. Let *Estelle Vanderdecken* speak of the mystery by which she was enshrined when on board her own husband's vessel, the *Flying Dutchman*. Ask how she concealed herself during the voyage, and how she quitted Holland. She is silent—she dares not answer these questions.

Gomez. The *Flying Dutchman*! Yes, *senors*; there have been strange stories told of that unhappy vessel. It is said that the captain was no

more nor less than a demon wearing a human semblance.

(The sailors commence murmuring again.)

Pedro. Holy Saint Antonio, direct me in this difficulty! *Senors*, you are getting clamorous; one portion of you seem for throwing the man overboard—the other for drowning the woman!

(The sailors cry out—some “Yes,” others “No.”)

Pedro. I think I have hit upon a plan that will satisfy everybody. There's a small skiff hanging astern; let it be lowered, and then both the offenders shall get into it.

Est. Mercy! mercy! not with him!

(Points to *Schriften*, who exults.)

Pedro. Mercy! Ask it of the waves, for I can show none!

(Thunder.)

Winky. You will never, *mynheer*, put dese poor creatures to sea in such a gale as this; not von boat can live in it!

Pedro. Give me credit for some charity, I beg, *Winky Boss*. They will not leave the vessel empty-handed; the skiff shall be well provisioned; we are nearing a bank of rocks, and they can make for it. From the headland a *Dutch vessel* may descry the outcasts, and should they fall in with a *foreigner*, he may give them a passage to some friendly port. Away with them at once!

Est. (Struggling with sailors.) Have you no pity? Heaven! am I reserved for this?

Pedro. Away with them, I say! Cast them adrift! They show no gratitude for the favours I have conferred upon them.

[*Schriften* defiantly, and *Estelle* screaming, are borne out, L.]

Win. I shall protest against der proceeding—der poor young vomans, I am convinced, is too young and too pretty to do us any harm.

Pedro. You are bewitched by her yourself, *Winkey Boss*, or you would not make such a remark. If you require proof of her evil influence, you have only to look up to the heavens. See, she is no sooner leaving the vessel than the clouds clear off; there was a storm when she was aboard, it is now passing away; I had the gout, it has gone—no, hang it! it hasn't gone, for I've a devil of a twitch at the present moment.

Gom. Shall I fetch the arrack?

Pedro. No, the fit is over; I'm glad it seized me now, for depend upon it, I shall henceforth not be liable to a recurrence. (Murmur without.) Eh! what's that?

Win. Der poor creatures we have cast adrift shall be sinking.

Pedro. Holy Saint Antonio be praised!—then we can now, with comfort and satisfaction, go to our devotions

[*Pedro* goes out with the rest, leaving *Winkey* alone on the stage.]

Win. (Alone on the stage) They shall go to their devotions!—das vos goot—I shall show mein devotion, but in some oder ways. Der lifeboat is dere—mein knife is here—I shall shave (save) meinsel, and I shall shave das young woman, *Mademoiselle Spiegelhalter*.

[Slowly knocks the ashes out of the pipe he has been smoking—puts it away—coolly draws his knife from his pocket—then, with more than his usual celerity, hurries out, L.]

SCENE THE LAST.—*A Bank of Rocks situate in the open ocean.—These rocks appear to be of chalk, and an ardent sunlight darting on them, tinges them with an almost prismatic hue.—ESTELLE discovered reclining on one of the rocks, R.; SCHRIFTEN pushing the boat off, L.*

Est. Dare I, in this dreadful hour, question my thoughts?—they are indeed something, nothing—one image after another rushes through my mind, and with a velocity which for a time threatens the empire of reason; but perhaps this mental illness is a merciful provision of nature to save me from that rude shock which the strength of one sad image, and one alone, might inflict.

Schrijf. (*Advancing R.*) We have reached this rocky bank in safety, Estelle Vanderdecken; but for a time only, for this desolate islet is submerged at the rising tide.

Est. Then why have you brought me here? Why have you not elected that we both perish at sea?

Schrijf. Because it is ordained that on this spot you shall pass through a terrible ordeal—an ordeal demanded by fate itself.

Est. You speak in enigma.

Schrijf. You see before you, Estelle, a wild and fearful being. I am merciless as strong; in my bosom there is hatred, in my heart not an impulse of humanity.

Est. And yet at times you appear my friend.

Schrijf. And, even if your conjecture were correct, what does it matter? There can be nothing more, nothing which can render your position more awful—more desperate. My resemblance to your husband, too, may appear strange to you. Let me avow that I am his evil genius; that I have power over those most dear, most near to him, and that to fulfil his destiny I must persecute even you—his wife.

Est. Alas! you have done so already.

Schrijf. But with persecution you are also bequeathed a task of vengeance, and here, on this lonely rock, where no eye can see you, where no tongue can accuse you, you can wreak that vengeance. (*Gives Estelle a pistol.*) Here is a weapon, here my breast; kill me. I place my life in your hands. (*Estelle in terror recoils.*) Do you pause? Is this childish fear, or madness? Kill me, I say. Do I not deserve death? Ha, ha! I see you fear to harm me—fear! Let a recital of your wrongs cad down upon me a just and well-merited retribution. Mark me. 'Twas I who first whispered in your husband's ear disobedience, and he sailed without orders; 'twas I who scuttled the ship, and then conveyed false intelligence to the Governor of the colony; 'twas I who poisoned the minds of the Portuguese captain and his crew; and 'twas I dashed Philip Vanderdecken from the rock of the "Long Kloof." Mark me—I did all this, and ask you to slay me.

Est. Unholy being! I will not, dare not, obey you. Evil may for a time predominate in our hearts, but it cannot subdue the divinity within us. (*Pause.*) You have sinned—are sinning. From the bitterness of my own heart I can gather what must be yours. My heart is broken by your cruelty, and when you stop it for ever, you will perform unintentionally a merciful act. I cannot destroy, but leave you a prey to your own conscience—that is a sufficient punishment. I—I forgive you.

(*Impressive music.*)

Schrijf. (*Amazed.*) Forgive—forgive me!

Est. I do forgive you!—with all my heart—with all my soul!

Schrijf. Then my mission is fulfilled! (*Crash, and music ceases.*) Forgiveness being the highest attribute of heaven. I am, Estelle, the arch enemy of mankind; but now powerless, as I exist only in the minds of those who evil meditate. Your husband yet lives. He was rescued from the falling waters of the Long Kloof. I am forbidden to tell more. You have another trial to encounter, more terrible than all former ones. The rising tide will engulf you, and Philip Vanderdecken will never see you more. Ha, ha! I yet shall triumph.

[*Schrijf* appears to vanish almost imperceptibly from view (through vampire in rock, R.), leaving *Estelle* alone on the stage.]

Est. I cannot believe the reality of this scene. Reason is tottering on the verge of insanity. My husband yet lives—then I who prayed for death, now own life is worth enduring. But by what means can I— (*Turns, and looks around.*) Ah! it is so, as he said; the sea is rising, and rising fast, as if it would submerge the very spot upon which I am standing. It is too late for thought, but truth, nature, affection, supply its place. No usual impulse now urges me to fight with death. Yes, yes, the waters are gaining ground; the avenues are closed, and I must perish in the rushing tide! Heaven! Heaven! has my hour come? No—there is yet hope. See! a vessel rides in the offing. My voice is weak—they could not hear me; they are too far distant to see the waving of my hand. How can I attract attention? Ah! some superior power dictates. I will gather some dried weeds on the rock, and set them in a flame; the ship, lured by the beacon, will tack hither. (*Estelle gathers weeds, and then falters.*) Alas! 'tis useless; the sea will yet ring my knell. I have no means wherewith to ignite the pile. Yes, yes, they are here—(*Shrieks hysterically*)—he has left the pistol!

(*Estelle fires the pistol into the heap, and a bright flame bursts forth. — She ascends an eminence, R.*)

Providence has befriended me—they observe the signal. A black speck is on the waters—it is a boat put off to save me. Quick, quick, brave seamen!—Quick as is my heart! The restless surge is stealing rapidly upon the rocks! Ah, mercy! I fear they will be too late! I shall sink into the yawning gulf before they can reach me!

(*A boat appears, L., with PHILIP VANDERDECKEN and SEAMEN. —Philip leaps the rock, and rescues Estelle from her perilous situation, and places her in the boat.—The boat makes for an immense fully-rigged schooner which floats forward, C.—WINKY BOSS is conspicuous on her bows, and expresses joy on seeing Estelle.—The boat gets alongside, ropes are thrown out to Vanderdecken, and all are bustled getting Estelle on board the schooner. —Shouts of the Seamen and Tableau as Curtain falls.*)

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